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LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Editor.
DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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PRO-SLAVERY RETREAT.

Speech of Mr. Cooper, of Georgia.

In Committee of the Whole (in reply to Mr. Giddings, of Ohio,) on the Pension bill, and the amendment thereto appropriating $100,000 *for removal of the Indians from Florida.*

House of Representatives, February 9, 1841.

After Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, had concluded his speech, Mr. Cooper, of Georgia, rose in reply, and said:

He felt himself called on by an imperious sense of duty to do what he least anticipated; and, although it had been his purpose to remain silent during the remainder of the session, he was not permitted quietly to sit and hear the people he represented—yes, his very neighbors—slandered and vilified, and the domestic institutions amidst which he had been born and educated, with which his constituents were identified, assailed and denounced as a moral pestilence, that polluted and contaminated all who were in contact with them. No, sir, (said Mr. C.,) I should be unfaithful to my trust, if I did not speak out when sentiments like those of the gentleman from Ohio, and principles such as he advocated, were freely and plainly uttered in this Hall, in the hearing of the American Congress—sentiments and principles unwise, imprudent, unsafe, alarming, and destructive of this Government—principles dictated by a false philanthropy, and unsupported by the laws and Constitution, or by the reason and justice of the case.

During three long hours, sir, we had sat, hearing and seeing the inflictions which that gentleman attempted to put upon the State of Georgia. Respect for ourselves and for the station he holds, as a member of this House, has procured for him a patient hearing.

I have endeavored to mark with accuracy the sentiments he has uttered and the principles he has laid down, that I might clearly define its purposes and expose the rule that governs him in refusing or granting supplies to defend his country when invaded by a foreign or domestic foe.

I think I have not misunderstood him, nor have I erred in the estimate I have put on his purpose. The proposition before the committee is to appropriate $100,000 to carry out an effort to terminate the Florida war—a conflict which you have been engaged in for five years with savages and refugee slaves—a war unlike any other which has heretofore existed—a foe ever in the field, never seen, but always felt; continually attacking, but never met; one with whom innocent mothers and their babes are as lawful victims as the man at arms.*

To this proposition the member from Ohio says he will stand opposed. And upon what ground? The war, he says, was unjust because the people of Georgia and of Floda were the aggressors. He has endeavored to trace the causes of that war with a view to fix this charge on Georgia in particular. He thinks he has traced it to slavery; for he declares that the crime of negro stealing, committed by the Georgians, was the cause of the war. He arrives at the conclusion by assuming that without slavery there could be no negro stealing.

After condemning the war, and his Government for being engaged in it—after abusing in a slanderous manner the people I represent for originating it, as he alleges—after pouring forth his invectives and denunciations against the peculiar domestic institutions of my State, he utters loud and bitter complaints that he and his constituents are taxed to pay for this war—raises a lamentation and a wailing in behalf of the poor Indian, whilst he stands with his tomahawk and rifle over the mangled and bleeding bodies of the defenceless white mother and her child, and declares that he will give nothing to defend or protect his country.

This, sir, is the character, the sum and the substance of the philanthropy and benevolence of those who, like the gentleman from Ohio, have such a holy and pure religion in regard to slavery—so much good will for the Indian and the negro, mixed with 'scorn and indignation' for the Southern white man. This affords us a measure of his patriotism.

I rejoice, sir, that we of the South have a different and more exalted patriotism—one which is neither measured by our purse, our love of Indians and negroes, nor our love of money. No, sir. Though you were at war for a petty strip of land on your northeastern boundary, fit only for firewood, Southern products, Southern money, and Southern blood would be at your command. We should not stop to inquire whether your war was just or unjust. We should not attempt to reproach our Government and country for a war that might have resulted from cutting or stealing wood, as England would say, on her own territory. We should make no such charge against any State. We should hold it to be our country's cause, and for her cause and her honor we would bleed and die. Not so with the gentleman from Ohio. He has no blood to shed, no battles to fight, no money to pay, no sympathy to exercise. Standing on the side of his country's foes, he condemns his country, feels only for the savage and refuses to pay.

I will not go with the gentleman to inquire into the causes of the Florida war. Much as he is in error, I feel no obligations to put him right. He could not be obliged to me for it. I perceive he has a purpose and an object in view which would be wholly defeated if I should correct him. Let him be indulged in his error. To rectify this would only drive him to hunt up some other. My effort shall be confined to the attempt to expose and repel his false and slanderous charge against the people I represent, exhibiting as I go, fairly and fully, the object he has in view.

I will place a mere statement of his principles and rules of conduct in review before this committee and the country. There are a number in this committee whose views in regard to slavery are understood to accord with the gentleman from Ohio. I have thought I had seen a concerted movement amongst them here this session. I am not permitted to designate those gentlemen by name, but it is well understood to whom I refer. When I shall repeat in their hearing the principles avowed by the gentleman on this floor, I call on them to say whether they all do not agree. And if I misrepresent him, I ask him or some friend of his to correct me.

Sir, the gentleman maintains, first, "That slavery is a great political and moral evil, and ought to be abolished."

Secondly 'That his constituents are insulted, that their money has been taken to pay for negroes, and are greatly excited on the subject.'

Thirdly, 'That Congress has as much power to abolish slavery as to sustain it.'

Fourthly, 'That Congress has no power to take the army to sustain it."

These are some of the extraordinary and alarming doctrines proclaimed on this floor. I have not mistaken the gentleman. I wrote down his language at the time, and here it stands. Does he or any one for him disavow it? Not at all, sir; he was well understood.

I shall not discuss those portions. I am not here for such a purpose. I put them down as part of the history and signs of the times. There my duty ends.

These views are not peculiar to that gentleman. I am well assured others here think with him. Else why this silence? Their silence indicates either their agreement or their apprehension at expressing a difference, lest their constituents should condemn them. Either fact demonstrates the minds of their constituency. That is the great point. Sir, these sentiments are freely disseminated all over the Union by several of the ablest conducted public journals in New-York, Boston, Cincinnati, and elsewhere. They are fast pervading the whole country north of Mason and Dixon's line. This, too, I put down as part of the history of the times. I should belie my own conscience, and be unfaithful to those I represent, if I should fail here to record it.

The gentleman from Ohio has made one discovery for which I give him credit, because it seems to conflict somewhat with his views and prejudices. It is this: he has at length ascertained that 'negro stealing' is a crime. It is due to him to admit, however, that to constitute it a crime he thinks it essential that the offence should be committed by a white man, living in a slave region. If committed by a citizen of Georgia amongst the Seminole Indians, it is a great crime, and a just cause of war on the part of the Seminole, for which he excuses and justifies the savage. If committed by the Indian in Georgia, it is excusable, for thereby the negro may escape his master. If committed by a citizen of New-York or Maine in Georgia or Virginia, it is not only not a crime, but an act of great benevolence and philanthropy, worthy to be aided and abetted by the Legislatures of those two great States.

[Here the Chairman, Mr. Clifford, from Maine, called to order.]

Mr. Cooper said, sir, I do not intend to be out of order. I only adverted to these cases by way of illustration.

Mr. Evans, of Maine, here rose and said he denied that any citizen of Maine had been guilty of negro stealing; on the contrary, he maintained that certain persons from Georgia had come to Maine and kidnapped a negro.

Mr. Cooper said he was apprized that the gentleman from Maine, who thus interrupted him, held the same opinion with the gentleman from Ohio on this subject of negro stealing; and, in so doing, gave great strength and weight to the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Giddings,) by his talents and influence in the ranks of his political associates. He has united in the charge of negro stealing against the people of Georgia, or that which is in Georgia considered equivalent, to wit, kidnapping. And, whilst he does this, he maintains also that a citizen of Maine, going from Georgia, commits no crime in harboring, concealing, taking, and carrying away a slave; but that the master, in pursuit of such property, recovering it in the limits of the State of Maine, is guilty of kidnapping. In this, sir, he agrees with the gentleman from Ohio. So do other gentlemen on this floor—many more, sir, than this House has credit for in the State of Georgia. In this, too, they are both sustained by their political party in Maine, Ohio, New-York, and elsewhere.

I stand not here to dispute the point with the gentleman from Maine, whether a citizen of Maine has stolen a negro from Georgia. I leave that issue to the court and jury of Chatham county, where, at least, exists *prima facie* evidence of guilt. Whether a citizen of Georgia has been guilty of kidnapping his own negro, pursued and recovered in Maine, where he had been taken and harbored, is still more foreign to my purpose to investigate. The charge is too slanderous and vile to merit a refutation from me; and for the fact that it has been wantonly made on this floor by a leader of one of the parties in this House, I would not stoop to notice it. Sir, I have been recently deprived of the power to resent it as I should do, by the act of my constituents. The power of properly resenting such outrages on this floor has been confided to other hands. I confess, however, that impotent as my arm has been rendered, it is moved by an involuntary effort to return the blow that is given. To my colleagues, sir, who hold here the powers of the scorpion and the spear, I leave the office and the credit of driving back the gentleman from Maine. In my feebleness, I shall probably have enough to do to repel the attack of the picket guard, commanded by the gentleman from Ohio. I may sink under it when sustained and prosecuted by the distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts. [Mr. Adams.] I have thought for some time that he, with others, had a fixed, preconcieved purpose to press their views and plans here. See the gentleman from Ohio, with his speech before him, written out, letter and word, beforehand, ready for any and all occasions. See the impulse now given to this committee. Remember the declarations and threats of the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Adams] made during the present session. Sir, when gentlemen have wished to turn the force and effect of what the venerable member has said, they insinuated that he is deranged. If he is deranged, I feel curious to behold a sane man. If he is deranged, it is the derangement of a masterly intellect, tutored by long experience, fortified by vast knowledge, unimpaired by age, and stimulated by physical qualities peculiar to that gentleman. It is the derangement of a mind which evidently has a giant strength and the quickness of lightning. He tells you this subject shall and must be discussed in this Hall. The evidences that he is right are daily multiplying.

Mr. Chairman, whilst the crime of negro stealing is acknowledged by the member from Ohio, for the purpose of fixing the guilt of a savage warfare on the people of my State, and that of kidnapping is charged by him of Maine against a citizen of Georgia, who takes his own negro, no charge whatever, as they think, rests on a man of Ohio or Maine who shall entice or take away the property of my constituents, or of the people of Kentucky.

I know the fact, sir, that a negro belonging to a citizen of Georgia was enticed and carried away by certain people in Ohio, and that not for the benevolent purpose of freeing the slave, but for the virtuous intent of pocketing the reward offered for her apprehension. For no sooner than a sufficient reward was offered, they caused her to be delivered safely over on the Kentucky side; for which act, all the parties concerned, including the agent of the owner of the slave, were presented by a grand jury for kidnapping.

[Here Mr. Cooper was called to order by the Chair.]

He said he had no purpose to discuss these topics, but believed it to be right and proper, in reply to what had been uttered here how this subject was daily viewed under my own, save those taken of what the gentleman from Ohio said; and I am strictly pursuing his remarks.

[Mr. Black, of Georgia, appealed from the decision of the Chair. The committee overruled the decision, and Mr. Cooper was permitted to proceed.]

I have said, sir, all I designed to say of negro stealing in Ohio and in Maine. As I before remarked, I will not discuss any point involved in the subject. I shall be content to bring in review before this committee the views of gentlemen proclaimed here, in all their alarming import.

The member from Ohio magnifies the evils of the Florida war, as he conceives them, and expressly charges that 'slavery was the cause of it.' [Here Mr. Cooper paused, looking Mr. Giddings in the face; Mr. Giddings remarked 'the gentleman is right.'] I know I am right, sir. And the gentleman arrives at his conclusion in this away: the Georgians stole the Indian negroes; for which reason the Indians fought. Without slavery, there would have been no negro stealing; therefore, slavery caused the war.

This, sir, reminds me of a certain mode of reasoning which I read about at school; by which it may be proved, and with about as much propriety in the conclusion, that a certain animal, going on two legs, having the stature and appearance of the gentleman from Ohio is a *goose*.

Slavery had about as much to do with the Florida war as had a certain breed of cattle in the lowlands in causing that harrassing border warfare kept up between the Highlanders and Lowlanders of Scotland. About as much to do as the taking of game and fish, or peltry, had in producing the war with Tecumseh and Black Hawk; or about as much as the stealing of ponies had in producing the Indian wars in Ohio, or that which resulted in the battle of Tippecanoe.

If the gentleman's reasoning be just, there ought never to have been any Indian war north of Mason and Dixon's line, west of the Ohio. How stands the fact? It confutes and confounds the gentleman. No, sir, it is not true; and the effort to make it appear on an occasion like the present, demonstrates his great anxiety to get up an "Anti-Slavery Indignation Meeting" in this Hall. He and his associates expect the benefits of it; and so far as mischief is threatened to my people, he and they shall bear the responsibility.

Whilst he knows it to be contrary to rule to discuss slavery here, he has formally and at great length dwelt on the evils of it, notwithstanding he has been called to order by three of my colleagues, (Messrs. Black, Habersham and Warren.) The first evil alleged by him was a savage, unjust, and iniquitous war, waged, as he says, against innocent, unoffending red men of the forest.

The second, and as he thinks, the greatest, is, that *his* constituents have to pay for it; and not only so, but have been required to pay for negroes captured in it, thereby acquiring the relation of masters to those slaves.

Thirdly, slavery, he says, has prevented the Seminoles from emigrating.

To make good these serious complaints, he adduces the report of Gen. Wiley Thompson, aid of Gov. Duval; the orders of Gen. Jesup; the memorial of John Walker, and that of an Apalachicola chief. These documents may serve his purpose of getting up 'indignation' meetings amongst his constituents. They are insufficient for any other. By one of them he would also implicate two gentlemen of character personally known to me; the one residing in my own town, and the other residing in Irwinton, Alabama, and distinguished for his gallantry in the late Creek war. On such evidence, introduced at this time by the member from Ohio, for such purposes as he has in view, I would not feel it just to those gentlemen even to join issue. If they were here to hear the imputations, or if they were made elsewhere by the gentleman (Mr. Giddings) I would not promise to save his person harmless.—Sir, it is of a piece with the slander he so freely dealt out in regard to the people of Georgia.

Another evil of slavery he states is, 'that it produced that clause of the treaty of the Indian Springs which required the Indians to pay for runaway negroes harbored and held by them, from 1802 to 1821, claimed by the people of Georgia.'

This treaty, he says, caused the Florida war, and, to prove it, reads from Gen. Wiley Thompson's report as follows:

"The Creek claim to negroes now in possession of the Seminole Indians, which is *supposed* to be the first cause of hostility to *emigration* of the latter tribe, grows out of the treaty of 1821, between the U. S. and the former."

That treaty, it seems, was the foundation of the *Indian title* to the Georgia negroes, therefore that treaty caused the Florida war—and hence Georgians produced the war.

This, also, is another specimen of the gentleman's reasoning by syllogism. It measures again his sense of justice, because, from the fact that those Georgia claims were consequent upon the loss of that property, he would have refused to ratify it, or, when ratified, would object to its execution, and in case of war, resulting from its provisions, (as he alleges) he would justify the Indians, and refuse supplies to his Government to prosecute it. For he says that treaty required $250,000, part and parcel of the purchase money paid by this Government to extinguish the Indian title to the lands west of the Ocmulgee, to be applied to those Georgia claims. This is true. And it was so agreed by the Government and the Indians. The gentleman has no ground of complaint, and I presume will cease to complain when he reflects that such application of the money did not increase the burden of *his* people one dollar.

But he says—'The people of Georgia extorted this sum from the Indians.' This position is taken by the gentleman, no doubt, on the ground that he denies the right of property in negroes. Otherwise, he must know that he asserts what is not true, but what is palpably false.

A balance of this sum—say $149,000—being unexpended, he says Georgia memorialized Congress to have it paid to claims of a similar kind; and that Congress, by a report of Mr. Gilmer, was directed to apply it to the payment of negroes never born, but which would have been born if their parents had lived.

[Here Mr. Giddings explained, and said he was misunderstood; he referred only to the increase.]

Mr. C resumed. That may have been his meaning, Mr. Chairman, and I am willing to be corrected. That report of Mr. Gilmer is based on immutable principles of justice; it is able and unanswerable, and can only be withstood by those who, like the gentleman, think no man ought to be paid for a negro that is stolen from his master.

But it is monstrous, he says, that Gen. Jesup should offer to give the Indian property to the captors; still worse, he thinks, that when captured, the General should declare them to be the property of the U. S. These are atrocities not to be atoned for, he would have you believe: not even surpassed by another great evil, to wit, a threat of the General to hang the runaway negroes who were engaged in the war.

All this, sir, is intended, no doubt, for an 'indignation meeting amongst the gentleman's constituents, to excite them against slavery and southern slaveholders; and for the same purpose he speaks of the bloodhounds. He, sir, knows very little of Indian fighting, and would no doubt much rather attend a dozen such meetings, at the hazard of destroying this Union, than go into one fight of the kind. A very little knowledge or experience would teach and instruct his tender conscience that the best move yet made there was that by Harney when he hung the Indians, and left them hanging. And, so far from attaching blame to Gen. Jesup for such *orders*, or the Government for sanctioning them, he would at once conclude that the most reasonable complaint would be that those who managed the war did not make it a war of extermination from the beginning. In the end that policy would have proved a saving of much human life, and millions of money.

But to get out of the difficulty, the Government caused the negroes to be sold to Gen. Watson. Here, sir, is a branch of the subject which is one reason that induced me to take the floor, Watson's claim to these negroes. I desire it may be well understood, and that it may not be prejudiced. It is true that he bought these negroes by and with the advice and consent of your Government. The contract was witnessed by its agent—the money paid in his presence. The sum paid was between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars. It was done to aid the pacific policy of the Government in regard to the Indians, with a pledge at the time by your agents that the negroes should be delivered to Watson, they being there in possession of the officers of Government. It is true, also, that the order to deliver was issued by the Secretary of War, and equally true that an officer of the army, influenced probably by the 'benign feelings' that the gentleman from Ohio claims, declined to obey it, by reason of which Watson failed to get possession of the property, and it was removed to Arkansas by your officers, in violation of the pledges of the Government officers, solemnly made to Watson, which pledges alone induced him to pay his money to aid you in carrying out your policy. You have had the benefits of his money. The Indians received it by your consent. Watson paid it at your instance. The negroes you have also, and can deliver if you will. You ought to do it without delay, or promptly pay Watson the damages. Sir, if your Government could be sued, Watson would recover in an action at law the negroes, with their increase and hire. Your 'exemption' from suit increases the obligation to pay.

But the gentleman has such a refined sense of right and wrong, that he commends your officer as noble and patriotic in refusing to deliver the property to Watson, whilst he justifies the Government for violating its faith. This seems consonant with his code of morals. He never can be an object of envy amongst men of strictly honest purposes.

He expresses for his constituents the utmost 'abhorrence and scorn for the buying and selling of negroes.'

And who are his constituents? Who is the gentleman? He is the same who makes it his boast that *his* district at the late election gave to Gen. Harrison a larger majority than any district in the Union.

After what has occurred, it is unbecoming in this gentleman and his constituents to make this assault on Georgia particularly unkind to my colleagues, who co-operated with him in the late election. What has Georgia done? Has she not united with the gentleman's constituents from Ohio, those of the member from Massachusetts, from Maine, from Vermont, from New-York, and elsewhere, to elevate this distinguished chieftain! to place their party in power! In doing this, have they not discredited him who now addresses you, with two other of her sons who have faithfully and zealously endeavored to defend her against her adversaries on this floor? Have they not put these three aside, to make room for three others, whose views in that contest more nearly accorded with those of the gentleman?

[Mr. Nisbet here spoke from his seat and said, 'No; not so.']

My colleague says no. I say yes, it is so, and will repeat it, that he may not misunderstand. *Have not the People of Georgia put aside three of her sons to make room here for three others whose views in that contest more nearly accorded with those of the gentleman?* She has in this—he is for Harrison, and so are they, whilst we are against him. And what is his return? Scoffing, reviling, abuse and slander. He is lost to all sense of propriety, lost to every sense of justice towards those who aided him in the 'great reform,' unmindful of the relation her representatives bear to him and his party. Disregarding the obligations of gratitude, he drives his abolition forces headlong upon them.

I call my colleagues here to bear witness to his conduct. Did I not feebly endeavor to warn my constituents of what is now before us? Did I not name this very man from Ohio as one that would turn upon them? I did, sir; but I did not expect *so* soon to see the prediction realized. I did not expect so soon to hear such sentiments avowed in this Hall; that he would travel out of his way to publish them; that it should be done on the very eve of Gen. Harrison's advent to this city, before he is duly installed; and that I should be defending my constituents against attack, while the thunder of joyous artillery, bursting forth at the great hero's approach, deafens my ears and reverberates from these walls, is more than I looked for. I have thought that regard for my colleagues and what they have said, an unwillingness to betray the miserable humbug by which Georgia had been led into a false position, opposed to her own policy, would have induced the gentleman to refrain.

[Mr. Nisbet rose and asked if his colleague meant to intimate that the State of Georgia, in the late election, had been carried by humbug?]

No, sir, said Mr. C., I made no such intimations. I spoke plainly concerning the *Presidential* election. I said what I now repeat, and what impartial history will record. It was carried by the verriest humbug. My colleague surely knows what I mean by *humbug*. If not, I will tell him. I mean nor fair arguments addressed to the reason and judgment of men to settle and decide issues fairly made; but I mean time-serving expedients, resorted to to evade the true issues, and addressed to the passions and prejudices of men, to stimulate them to act by these impulses. I need not particularize. But if my colleague wishes to be informed, I commend him to men of all parties, who, since all is over, have taken a sober second thought.

[Mr. Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, here interposed and said he regretted to see this revival of a family quarrel on a question where all Southern gentlemen ought to stand together; and protested against charging the whig party with holding sentiments peculiar to the gentleman from Ohio, who was the obscurest of all the obscure members of that party.]

Mr. Cooper proceeded. Mr. Chairman, I have had no purpose to revive a family quarrel or to provoke it. I have found it so far pertinent to advert to what occurred that I may make the gentleman from Ohio feel the unworthiness of his conduct. If, by so doing, my colleague is made to feel, I regret it, but cannot be responsible for it. I disclaim having charged the whig party, as a party, by word, thought, or deed, with holding the opinions of the gentleman from Ohio, and for what purpose this is imputed to me I know not. I merely said that several prominent members of that party here, (besides that member,) representing a great number at home, are of his opinion. I so charged, and it has not been disavowed by any but the gentleman from S. Carolina, (Mr. Waddy Thompson) from whom the disavowal ought not to come. Let those who are known to think with the gentleman from Ohio disavow for themselves.

I further charged, what appeared to me to be evident, a fixed purpose on their part, by an organized effort, to urge their opinions on this House; and that was not disavowed.

Sir, I desire to cherish the kindest relations with my colleagues. I have no motive, object, or interest, that could induce me to do otherwise. My political career is drawing to a close. I never expect, never wish, to return here. My colleague knows that my purpose was to have resigned, even if elected. And though the people who sent me here have not afforded me an opportunity faithfully to represent their best interest, with a chance to show such disinterestedness, I still assert it, because it was recorded at a time when all thought I should be returned. And rather than have my colleagues here think that I am aiming a single blow at them, I will suppress all report of my remarks.

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* Will Mr. Cooper inform us whether the Indians are the only people in Georgia of whom this may be truly said?

Noir; I only design, in frankness and candor, to point a fithful finger to events as they are turning up during the short period I have to remain.

Mr. Chairman, I have nearly said what I rose to say, and, but for the interruptions, should not have said many things which have been drawn from me. The people of Georgia, I trust, will have sagacity enough to discover their true policy and firmness enough to adhere to it. But whether, as recently has occurred, I shall agree to disagree with them, I still maintain that whatever, as a people, they may think their interest and happiness require, will be right for them to do. Theirs will be the loss or the gain, and from that judgment I shall never appeal.

But there is one thought I will here present, dictated, as I trust, by an unconquerable attachment to the land that gave me birth. It is this: whensoever her adversaries here (and by such I mean those whose antagonist interests drive them to policy injurious to her) shall desire to carry out any of their great vital measures, interesting to them, but strongly objected to by her, they have but to arm themselves with the leverage of a bank charter, with which to ensnare her people; you will then first establish the decoy, then spread the snare; and after a generous, a patrotic, and confiding people shall have entered into it, draw the cords upon them. Finding them no longer free to act, but closely engaged in extricating themselves from the meshes of your net, you will, with impunity, drive down your stakes around them. But only let them burst their bonds asunder, and your day of retribution will be at hand.

Sir, I will oppose this appropriation, but for very contrary reasons to those I have been replying to. I think that to pay money to those Indians to induce them to quit fighting, will be to purchase an Indian war whenever they want money. Sir, in effect, is the proposition offered by the gentleman from South Carolina.

And so there remains but one idea more. This, sir, is an important crisis for the peculiar interests of the People of the South. What is transpiring here—in the canvassing—in the State Legislatures—in societies, and churches, and conventions, both in this Union, on the ocean, and in Europe—admonishes us to take heed! Now is the time—not to-morrow, next week, nor next year, but this is the time—when the happiness and interests of the South demand that they should wisely, gravely, and prayerfully consider what they will do—whether they will demand that this subject be arrested here, or whether they will adopt at home a domestic policy, which will be adapted to coming events. This much I feel bound to say, whilst I feel satisfied for myself, to leave the subject in the hands of my constituents—of those to whom the State of Georgia has confided.

SELECTIONS.

Extract

From a Address lately delivered at a Church Prayer Meeting in the Interior of New-York.

The following Address is from a man of strong heart, and sound mind, whoever he may be. They are searching words, fitly spoken. We copy them from the Emancipator.

Dear Sir,—I comply with your request to furnish you with the testimony which I thought it my duty to bear before the Presbyterian church on the subject of slavery. I do not ask what you intend to do with it, for I care not.

Yours, respectfully,

Brethren, you have probably noticed that for a few weeks past, I have been less communicative than usual in these Friday evening meetings. I have strongly desired to take part in them; but was prevented, from the circumstance that my mind was so engrossed with a subject which I fear is an unwelcome one, that I could speak upon no other. It is respecting the conduct of this Church towards American Slavery.

I have disliked to touch upon this subject, both because there is a difference of opinion in this church with regard to it; and, because, it is not considered a sufficiently spiritual subject to be introduced into a weekly prayer meeting and conference. It is looked upon as a sort of fire-brand which is calculated to burn up all the spirituality and holiness which these meetings are intended to promote.

But, brethren, you all know that my communications heretofore, have been on high spiritual themes, and that I have neither made a hobby of anti-slavery, or any other branch of Christian morals. But I am at present so impressed with the importance of action on this subject, that I am resolved to relieve my mind of its burden.

Is the ground and pillar of the truth; and the great Church builded of God to stop the course of crime; that this engine must be set in motion to prevent the alarming prevalence of intemperance, and robbery, and murder; I did desire to ask the reason for its suppression of the truth respecting slavery.

Why is such an engine, maintained at such a cost, to beat against the air? Is there no object upon which to expend its mighty force, but here and there an isolated subject of depravity? Shall a single case of murder and robbery call the church to arms, while the crimes of half the nation lull the church to sleep?

Our Pastor has asked us, that in case we were to die and be glorified during the present year, what report we should be able to give in heaven respecting the condition of this church. I fear, brethren, that I should not be able to give a very favorable report. I could say, however, that the —— church in ——, a part of it at least, are quite anxious to promote a highly spiritual state of mind and feeling: that they are very solicitous for the promotion of the glory of God their Saviour, on a small scale, and in a circumscribed compass. They mourn over the growing ungodliness of the village. They long for the conversion of sinners, and the riches of their liberality are known to the heathen abroad; yet, after all, they are deficient in a high moral sense, respecting sin, righteousness and judgment. They pray for the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to convince of these truths; yet, as a church, it allows of sin: it winks at all sorts of iniquity and rebukes it not. What! the —— church in ——! Yes, the —— church in ——.

We may well suppose that such an announcement, in the holy region of heaven, would be awfully shocking to the feelings of any seraph who should chance to hear it. How is it possible, he would say, that a church of Christ, the ground and pillar of the truth, and anxious for godliness, should not only wink at sin, but actually sustain, by its countenance and its silence, a system of such unparalleled fraud and villany as that of American slavery?

Were such a seraph to ask me how it is possible that these things can be, I should despair of giving him a satisfactory answer. I should attempt, however, to let him into the secret, by placing before his mind the fact, that mankind are prone to prefer their own prudential considerations to the wisdom of God. I would tell him the story of God's High Priest—the venerable Aaron. Poor man! he thought his prudence and his wisdom were superior to that of his Maker. The direct worship of the invisible God was not, in his view, appropriate to the condition of the unlearned Israelites, and, therefore, he sought to improve upon the economy of his Maker by reducing the worship of the true God to that of four footed beasts. This was a temporising policy—a taking of things as they were, and a mending of them as well as he could. God and Moses were too ultra and radical in their views for him.

I would endeavor to show such a seraph that this is the sin of all people; and the great bane of the Church of God in every age. I would show him that Policy has always been the bone of contention between the prophets and the people. The people would have it, that Moses and Joshua, and all the prophets, were too ultra and radical; and were heedlessly bent on measures for which the existing state of society was totally unprepared.

I would show him that a long line of the priesthood, from Aron to the present moment, were unbelievers in the Apostle's declaration that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

I would show him that the faith of the American church organizations, in matters of legalized robbery and violence especially, is under the control of a corrupt public opinion; and that this public opinion is the creature of the devotees of Mammon.

Perhaps, brethren, I am using too hard language, but let us see: My next door neighbor is a good brother in the church, and quite a spiritually minded man—but he is a counterfeiter. I meet him sometimes and give him my hand. Good morning brother, how are your family? What progress do you make in the divine life? and I pass on. I never say any thing to him about counterfeiting: I give him no intimation that I consider counterfeiting to be wrong; but on the contrary I actually encourage him by silence, as if I had said, Go on brother, some think you are wrong, and some think you are right:—It is a delicate question, and I am willing you should make as much money as you please.

This is the manner in which the —— church in —— encourages and sustains its sister churches in a more terrible sin than counterfeiting. While our southern brethren are carrying on their schemes of fraud and robbery against their brethren and their fellow-men—pilfering from them even their Bibles and their souls; we hush it up and warn them not.

If I had gone to that counterfeiting brother and given him my honest opinion about his employment, I should have been in the discharge of my duty, and I should no longer be partaker with him in his evil deeds. I might also have done him good. It is true he would be offended, but eventually he would feel the force of truth. Why, says he, I am a good Christian; I acknowledge that counterfeiting is an evil; but it is entailed upon me, and how can I help it? My father was a counterfeiter, and a good deacon in the church, and now this new light fanaticism is going to rob me of all my peace. I have no property but my tools and workshop, which are very costly, but nobody will buy them, and I shall have to starve. I know that my father was a good man, and I know that I am an honest man. I never passed a counterfeit coin to a white man in all my life, and I should consider myself a sinner; I only make counterfeits to cheat the negroes with, and that's all.

Now, brethren, the southern churches do not oppress the rich, for they cannot; they only oppress the "Lord's poor," that's all—and they verily believe that these northern churches are indifferent in the matter. It belongs to us, therefore, to convince them that we are not indifferent.

If they are right, then let us tell them so; let us extend the voice of Christian sympathy and kindness to our afflicted brethren of the South, let us bind up the broken heart, and soothe the galled conscience and defend the persecuted ones from the malicious slanders of the abolitionists of the North, let us confirm them in the belief that it is right and Scriptural to put chains on the poor—and counterfeits too. But if they are wrong; then we are solemnly bound before God and the holy angels, to raise a note of alarm that shall make their ears to tingle—and shall clear ourselves from their coming condemnation.

I hope this church will speedily act in this matter, that we shall speak out in tones of thunder. *Action*, or at least *testimony*, is loudly called for by every consideration of truth and justice; and as a member of this church, I demand it. It is often said that this is a vexed question, a great and difficult subject to get at or to handle, and that it needs to be approached very cautiously. I acknowledge, brethren, that to a worldly-minded man, this is all true. It is a great and difficult subject for worldly policy to handle, so much so, that our most prominent statesmen may well be considered great men if they do not make many a blunder in their attempts to handle it. But, that it is a great or difficult subject to a Christian—to a man of faith—or ought to be approached with most contempt for the sentiment. A Christian, Dear ——

The subject of slavery, with the means of doing it away, is one of the simplest things to an unsophisticated mind in the world. Any body that understands the A B C of religion knows what to do. He is to testify against it. Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.

It is also said and believed by many, that the churches and members ought, in a matter so great and so difficult of approach, to act or remain inactive—to stand still or go forward according to the dictation of some of the leading minds of the Christian public; perhaps the heads of the institutions of learning; or the far-famed doctors of divinity; or some Aaron of the church with his golden calf. I acknowledge that all this, in a worldly point of view, if we have made up our minds to abandon the counsel of Heaven, is well enough: it would be good policy. But, brethren, it will never answer for you or me to wait an hour for any such men, because this is a matter of simple duty between ourselves and God; we need none of their policy. I am not alone in this opinion. No doubt the conscience of the enlightened slaveholder himself is with me. I met a man the other day who hates abolitionists, and who is loud in his praises of slavery: he is not a church member, but a man of intelligence. Although he makes no pretensions to piety, I asked him to give me his opinion about the course that a church member ought to take respecting slavery. He did not like the question, and evaded it. Being urged, he proceeded to say, that, "A church member is bound to oppose *American* slavery, and do all he can to break it up,"—that "he is inconsistent if he does not do it," and "that he is bound to do it, regardless of any consequences whatever."

You observe, brethren, that this gentleman, although he believes that the negroes were made to be slaves—that a state of bondage is their proper condition, and although he is violently opposed to any agitation of this subject; yet, even such a man, when he speaks the honest sentiments of his conscience, says to the church, What doest thou here? Up, get thee out of this place, and fear not to carry out the principles of our profession in your practice.

I wish that all professors of religion were as orthodox in this thing as that man is. His words confess, that opposition to American slavery is religion. Well, is it not so? Is it not among the most natural fruit that the Christian religion ever knew? Why are we so far behind the conscience, and even the opinions of unconverted men? Must we learn doctrine of them? How is it that the church is so lost in a wilderness of wonder about her duty, that she needs the goats to make paths for her feet?

Brethren, it is not slavery, after all, that troubles my mind and afflicts my soul: no, it is the degradation of the visible church; that it is which fills me with apprehensions of evil. It is abused and vilified, and degraded to a mere man of straw, both in the estimation of the unconverted abolitionist and the slaveholder himself. He feels that the church is chained to his interests, and he feels his foot upon her; but he will soon learn that none but the hypocrites of the church are under his foot; and none but the wicked are chained to it by whom it become, that the church has lost her character! Many a well-intentioned man really believes that there is no dependence to be placed on the honesty or justice of the church in any of the ecclesiastical bodies. Her character is judged by the faithless men in her communion, and she must bear the reproach. Now, this is too bad and 'tis time this reproach were wiped out, though we wipe out the General Assembly and half the church organizations under its care. "O thou afflicted, tossed with a tempest and not comforted. Behold I will lay thy foundations with fair colors:" "In righteousness shalt thou be established:" "Thou shalt be far from oppression," "And every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn." When will that blessed time come? "Watchman, what of the night?" Lord, how long?

If it is true, as the gentleman that was mentioned appears to believe, that opposition to American slavery is religion; then it follows that a tolerance of such slavery by this church, or by any church member or ecclesiastical body, is abominable hypocrisy: I say the mere tolerance, whether they own a slave or not. What is American slavery? not a mere state of bondage, but a refinement of villany on all other slavery—a complication of everything that is wrong and infamous. The English language has only one word that can convey any idea of it, and that word is hell.

And what effect has this slavery upon the standard of Christian morals at the South? It lowers the standard of religion down to a level with the unrighteous and shameful laws of the land, which the wicked have made for their lusts. If a good Christian kill a slave, or sell his Christian brother to a driver of a gang for money, if the law allow him, the church allow him too. 'Tis not a matter of discipline.

Now, those hypocrites do disgrace the church, and we ought to tell them so. We ought to say to them, You must immediately emancipate your slaves, and make restitution to them, though it take all your property. You must give them the bible, and teach them to read it, in the very face of those infamous laws which you yourselves have made; and you must persevere in this course, in the teeth of all persecution, if persecution comes, until you have sealed the sincerity of your repentance with the last drop of your blood. Any thing short of this is worldly wisdom—is rank hypocrisy, and inconsistent with the spirit and principles of Jesus Christ your professed Master.

But how shall we tell them this? Brethren, this question is but a small nail to hang your coat upon. Where there is a will, there is a way. Produce a healthy and a holy sentiment in this church, and the other churches of this Presbytery, and we shall find a way. Whoever is properly impressed with the abominations of slavery, will find a way to testify against it: but the secret of it is, we are not sufficiently impressed with the abominations of slavery, both in the North and the South, in order to move us in our duty.

We do not consider the facts. A slaveholder says to his slave, You shall not have the bible and go to heaven; but you shall toil in stupid brutishness while you live, to support me and my family in luxury; and then when you die, you may go to hell. Amen, says the Bishop—amen, says the General Assembly, and amen, responds many a Conference and many a Synod, and many a Presbytery, and many a church. But among the echoing responses I hear a voice, serene but firm, saying, America, slavery is sin: abandon slavery or the church will abandon you. Whose voice is that, then, which dares to brave the popular will? That is the voice of the Pope of Rome. Well, who cares for the Pope of Rome? Who cares? Many a hypocritical slaveholding

laws imposing a duty on negroes imported into them.—Great Britain refused to sanction any law having such a tendency. In the same year, South Carolina (then a British colony) passed an act of its own legislature to prohibit the further importation of slaves, but Britain rejected this act with indignation, and declared that the slave trade was beneficial to the mother country. The governor who passed the act, was reprimanded, and a circular was sent to all the other colonial governors, warning them against a similar offence. England maintained the slave trade and slavery in her own colonies for many years subsequently to the acknowledgement of American Independence; and it was only on the first August, 1834, that she at length did tardy justice to the negro race by declaring them free in all her colonial territories.

The Americans, therefore, are not the authors of the slavery which now disgraces their institutions; and every candid mind must acknowledge that there are great and formidable difficulties in the way of their abolition. But they do not take this position. They defend the practice itself as one that is right and beneficial; they lose their temper, and abuse those who view it differently; and Congress steadily resists every solicitation to pass any resolution, or do any act, however trivial, that would imply a condemnation of it, even in the abstract.

If there were no God, and it man had no moral nature, I could understand such conduct being by possibility prudent and beneficial; but since it is indisputable that a just Deity governs the world, and since man is endowed with moral faculties, the dictates of which it is not in his power permanently to stifle, it is foolish to attempt to defend wrong and call it right. This is only postponing the time when the evil must be dealt with in a different spirit, and allowing it every day to become more formidable. Agitation for abolition has commenced, and increases. It argues ignorance of human nature to dream that it will ever cease until it has accomplished its object. The true friend of the United States, therefore, while he regards them as having inherited from the British government the great evil of slavery, must acknowledge it to be a calamity, and desire its termination.

NEGRO AND INDIAN CONFORMATION OF SKULL.—"Mr. Clay regards it as certain, that if slavery were abolished, a war of extermination would ensue between the races, which would lead to greater evils than those generated by slavery. This is the argument of the white man, of the *master*, in whose eyes his own losses or sufferings are ponderous as gold, and those of three millions of [illegible] as light as feather. Ask the slaves *their* opinion of the miseries of the *existing* system, and weigh this against the evils *anticipated* by the whites from emancipation, and then strike the balance. Before I had an opportunity of examining the same opinion, I, too, believed, that a war of extermination would be the consequence of immediate freedom. More accurate and extensive information has induced me to change this view. I have studied the crania of the North American Indians and of the Negroes in various parts of the United States, and also observed their living heads, and have arrived at the following conclusions. The North American Indians have given battle to the whites, and perished before them; but have never been reduced either to national or to personal servitude. The developement of the brain shows large organs of Destructiveness, Secretiveness, Cautiousness, Self-Esteem, and Firmness; with deficient organs of Benevolence, Conscientiousness, and Reflection. This indicates a natural character that is proud, cautious, cunning, cruel, obstinate, vindictive, and little capable of reflection or combination. The brain of the Negro, in general, (for there are great varieties among the African race, and individual exceptions are pretty numerous) shows proportionately less Destructiveness, Cautiousness, Self-Esteem, and Firmness; and greater Benevolence, Conscientiousness, and Reflection, than the brain of the native American. In short, in the Negro brain, the moral and reflecting organs are of larger size, in proportion to the organs of the animal propensities now enumerated, than in that of the Indian.—The Negro is, therefore, naturally more submissive, docile, intelligent, patient, trustworthy, and susceptible of kindly emotions, and less cruel, cunning, and vindictive, than the other race. These differences in their natural dispositions throw some light on the difference of their fates. The American Indian has escaped the degradation of slavery, because he is a wild, vindictive, cunning, untameable savage, too dangerous to be trusted by the white men in social intercourse with themselves, and moreover too obtuse and intractable to be worth coercing into servitude. The African has been deprived of freedom and rendered "property" (according to Mr Clay's view,) because he is by nature a *tame* man, submissive, affectionate, intelligent, and docile. He is so little cruel, cunning, fierce and vindictive, that the white man can oppress him far beyond the limits of Indian endurance, and still trust their lives and property within his reach; while he is so intelligent that his labor is worth acquiring. The native American is free because he is too dangerous and too worthless a being to be valuable as a slave; the negro is in bondage, because his native dispositions are essentially amiable. The one is like the wolf or the fox, the other like the dog. In both, the brain is inferior in size, particularly in the moral and intellectual regions, to that of the Anglo-Saxon race, and hence the foundation of the natural superiority of the latter over both; but my conviction is, that the very qualities which render the negro in slavery a safe companion to the white, will make him harmless when free. If he were by nature proud, irascible, cunning, and vindictive, he would not be a slave; and as he is not so, [illegible] White man, [illegible] mind. The fears therefore, generally entertained of his commencing, if emancipated a war of extermination, or for supremacy over the whites, appear to me to be unfounded, unless, after his emancipation, the whites should commence a war of extermination against him. The results of emancipation in the British West Indies, have hitherto borne out these views, and I anticipate that the future will still further confirm them."

"WASHINGTON CITY.—We are now in the District of Columbia, the Seat of Government of the United States; and on taking up the Daily National Intelligencer, in Gadsby's Hotel, my eye was attracted by the following advertisements, among many others of a similar kind.

'CASH FOR NEGROES.—The subscriber wishes to purchase a number of negroes for the Louisiana and Mississippi market. He will pay the highest prices the market will justify. Himself, or an agent at all times can be found at his jail, on Seventh street, the first house south of the Market-bridge, on the west side. Letters addressed to him will receive the earliest attention.

WM. H. WILLIAMS.'

'CASH FOR NEGROES.—We will give cash and liberal prices, for any number of likely negroes, families included. We can be found at Birch & Shekell's Tavern, a few doors below Lloyd's Tavern, opposite the Centre Market on Seventh-street. We wish to purchase for a gentleman's own use, a good cook, 25 or 30 years of age; also a good seamstress, 18 or 20 years of age; and a male house-servant, between 35 and 40 years of age.

BIRCH & SHEKELL.'

A LIKELY BOY FOR SALE.—For sale, a smart and likely well-grown boy, aged about 16 years, to be sold to any gentleman wanting him for his own use. He is sold for no fault, but because the owner has no further use for him. For terms, &c. inquire of

EDW. DYER, Auctioneer.'

Mr. Clay assures us that slavery exists in this District in its 'mildest form;' and I believe the statement to be correct; but these advertisements show that even the tenderest mercies of slavery are very terrible. Since we entered Maryland, we have been attended in the inns by colored servants of both sexes, who are slaves. Some of them have children, who may be seen, in all the innocence and gaiety of youth, playing about the courts and passages of the hotels. They are 'property,' daily increasing in value, and in due season will probably become fit for the Louisiana and Mississippi market, when they may be sold to Mr. Wm. H. Williams, at his *jail* on Seventh-street. The Americans who have been born and reared in familiarity with these scenes, not only do not perceive the malignity of them, but have a glums, to offer in palliations, if not positive eulogiums, to offer in palliations, if not positive eulogiums, to offer in [illegible] selfish and degraded Americans, but persons of education and good standing in society. Familiarity with slavery obviously blunts men's moral perceptions in regard to its [illegible] Without pretending to any uncommon degree of sensibility, I confess that my mind could never look on slaves, particularly children, and young men and women, without involuntarily first placing myself in their stead, and then following them to the Louisiana and Mississippi market, to the cotton and sugar plantations, where they are forced to labor to the limits of their strength, till toil and misery send them to the grave. These ideas haunted my imagination, until the whole subject became deeply distressing.

I have already mentioned that the Americans are not justly answerable for the institution of slavery, and that it ought to be regarded as a great calamity bequeathed to them by their ancestors, including the British government of the last century; but after every apology has been framed for slavery, which the ingenuity of man can invent, the discord between it and the dictates of man's highest and noblest faculties ever jars upon the soul, and ever will jar, until it be abolished. Those who defend its continuance, do not recognize the fact that this discord exists, will exist, and will never allow peace to the highest minds, while such outrages to humanity pollute the soil. The supporters of slavery seem not to perceive that a just God governs the world, and that the dictates of man's highest sentiments are His voice denouncing it as wrong. They speak of it as wrong. They speak of it as an institution permitted by his providence, and say that in his own good time, He will bring it to a close. But slavery, like piracy, murder, and fire-raising proceeds from *abuses* of man's natural propensities. It is true God has *permitted* man to abuse all his faculties, but he never *approves* of these abuses; in his government of the world, he takes care that, sooner or later, those who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind; and thus it will probably be with the patrons of slavery, if they leave it to God's providence to put an end to the institution, without making any moral efforts themselves to abolish it. It is certain that he will abolish it; but it will be in tempest and whirlwind, in blood and devastation, amid cries and misery. He now calls on *them* to abolish it in mercy and peace. In listening to the debates of Congress, in which the most high-toned appeals were made to justice and right, and the noblest sentiments were uttered in favor of universal freedom; and afterward, on returning home, casting a glance at Mr. Wm. H. Williams's jail for the purchase of negroes for the Louisiana and Mississippi market, I could not avoid the idea that I was looking on the representation of a drama written by a madman. The spirit and principles in operation in *Congress*, and in the *jail*, were so wildly in discord, that it seemed as if only the delirium of insanity could have placed them so directly in juxta-position.

Letters from the South.

CHARLESTON, Feb. 1841.

In my last letter from this place, I offered some considerations respecting the influence of domestic slavery upon the master, particularly his moral character. The subject I will now resume.

Probably, no one who has had an opportunity of examining the subject practically, will for a moment hesitate to admit that the habitual tendency of the system is to blunt the distinction in the mind between right and wrong; in other words, to render callous the moral sensibilities. The reason of this is abundantly obvious. While most men at the South acknowledge freely that slavery as it actually exists is an evil, and that viewed in the abstract it is sinful; few will admit that they are guilty of sin in holding slaves. Yet it is hardly possible for any man not to feel that the community is guilty of a great moral wrong, necessary under the circumstances, if it be in keeping half the entire population in utter ignorance and degradation, nor to avoid feeling that he is, to a certain extent, a partaker in this wrong. He is conscious also, that this large part of the community, while living in a Christian country, are to a considerable extent as ignorant and regardless of the gospel as the heathen, and that religion when presented to them, is presented in such a manner, as commonly to exert very little practical influence on their hearts and lives. Now, the consciousness of guilt unrepented of, and unforsaken, whether it affects ourselves, or the community in which we dwell, hardens the heart. It is an unpleasant contemplation and therefore is driven from the mind. But the man who does this, will soon regard with comparative indifference, not only the particular sin of which he is conscious, but sin generally; his moral powers will be benumbed, and duty will cease to be his polar star.

The very common use of profane language through the southern country, illustrates this view of the subject. Profane language is heard to some extent in all parts of our land; but so far as my observation extends, it is not at all common in travelling in New-England to meet a man of respectable appearance, who habitually uses it in ordinary conversation. In traveling at the South, particularly below [illegible] I am told, that putting out of the question professors of religion, and travellers from the North, and imposing no restraint from the presence of ladies, it is difficult to find a man who is not frequently guilty of taking the name of the Lord in vain. Certainly, the numerous oaths which daily offend the ear, when associating with men of every rank and profession in life, with members of Congress, with judges, or with merchants, show a most painful state of corruption in the community.

The manner in which the Sabbath is regarded, affords no uncertain or imperfect test of the morals of the community. The Sabbath, when religiously observed, is the instrument of the richest blessings to the community. In this city, and in many of the cities at the South, the Sabbath is welcomed by a considerable portion of the community, and is observed in a proper manner. In the country, it is almost the only time when neighbors are accustomed to meet; and they frequently assemble at the church door some time before service commences, and converse on the ordinary topics of business and politics, as a preparation for the worship of the sanctuary. The idea that ordinary worldly thoughts are to be excluded from the mind, or that worldly conversation, books or newspapers are to be laid aside, has never, I fear, occurred to the minds of a large majority of the inhabitants of the South. And probably there is not one man in ten, who, on a long journey, would think of making the Sabbath a day of rest.

In my last communication, I made a single remark respecting the effect of this institution upon purity of heart. It may be proper to say in this connection, that so far as my observation extends the ordinary conversation between gentlemen, such as you commonly meet in traveling is more gross and impure, than you will ever hear from men of the same rank in society in your section of the country.

A striking and most pernicious result of the system of slavery, is, that it uniformly tends to elevate the rich, and depress the poor; and is thus opposed to the first principles of our republican institutions. The wealthy owner of a hundred slaves, feels that his hands are too delicate to be employed in anything useful. Accustomed to live for the sake of enjoyment merely, to spend his time in hunting or fishing, in convivial pleasure, or in visiting his neighbors, he necessarily connects diligent manual labor with the character as well as the condition of a slave. Through the northern States, the industrious mechanic, and the farmer, are on precisely the same level with the professional man and the merchant; except so far as men are arrayed in different ranks, by the distinctions of property and refinement; and as their situation in these respects changes, they rise or fall in the scale of society, with as much ease and certainty, as in a kettle of boiling water the cold water sinks, and the hot ascends to the surface. Here, the constitution of society resembles that of Europe; it is very difficult for the poor man, or the poor man's son to rise in refinement and respectability, though it is easy for the rich man to become poor, and at the same time degraded. If aristocracy, using the word in an offensive sense, is found anywhere in the United States, [illegible] White man, it is the free negro, is despised by the slaves themselves.

The effects of the system of slavery upon the education of the whites, deserves very attentive consideration. But upon so extensive a subject, I cannot at present enter, and will therefore defer it to a future time. Meanwhile I remain, Your friend, DELTA.

Glasgow Emancipation Society.

A meeting of this Society was held in the Bazar, April 27th. The Glasgow Argus says, the building "was completely crowded; the numbers present could not, therefore, be less than 4,000 people. We are bound in justice to say, that, notwithstanding the immense numbers who attended this meeting, and the uncomfortable position which they occupied, the proceedings were conducted with the most perfect decorum; and that, whatever opinion may be entertained in reference to the character of their proceedings, it was as orderly a meeting, considering the extent of it, as ever assembled in Glasgow."

Our much respected agent, J. A. Collins, in a letter to the editor of that paper, says:

"Let it be distinctly understood, that I did not visit this country to agitate the American divisions, but to secure the sympathy and aid of the British abolitionists—to enable the American Anti-Slavery Society to carry on its operations against American slavery. No sooner had I arrived upon your shores, than suspicions were secretly, but swiftly circulated against the society I represented. I had either to plead guilty to the charges preferred against it, or attempt a defence. The American divisions preceded me wherever I went. The charges preferred were of such a vague and indefinite character, that a most labored reply could not meet them. There is but one species of proof which will meet and satisfy those who entertain lurking suspicions that something is wrong, and that is, to prove that all the suspicions entertained by them, are well founded. Thus, the question of division has been forced upon me. Those who have been the loudest in their calls for time to investigate, have been the most unwilling to examine the question."

Reverend Mr. Brewster of Paisley, was called to the Chair.

The Chairman having read the notice calling the meeting, entreated them, seeing it was a meeting to test the anti-slavery principles of Glasgow, to give every man who should address them, a fair and impartial hearing.

Mr. Ronald Wright rose to state the order of procedure to be followed in the course of the evening, and also to give some account of the previous proceedings. He stated that, at last meeting, Dr. King having been heard in support of the committee, it was but fair that those friends and members of the Anti-Slavery Society who were opposed to the recent proceedings of that committee, should be heard also. The committee of the emancipation society had, on Mr. Collins' first arrival in Glasgow, received him with the utmost cordiality, and agreed to issue circulars, recommending him to the abolitionists of the country; but they were afterwards induced, by Dr. King and others, to delay doing so for a fortnight, and Mr. Collins was latterly kept waiting for eight or nine weeks. So keenly did Mr. Collins feel at the resolution taken to delay, that he declared his intention to leave Glasgow next day; but a number of the friends of the society requested him to remain, assuring him that there were many of the members of the emancipation society who would cordially support him, and the American Society which he had the honor to represent. According to this resolution, a few of them published a remonstrance to the committee, and a requisition was got up in favor of asking Mr. George Thompson to come to Glasgow, and, along with Mr. Collins, to enlighten them with regard to the dispute now going on in America. There was also a resolution passed at a ladies' anti-slavery meeting, met to hear Mr. Collins on the slave question, requesting that Mr. Collins should be heard. A deputation waited on the committee, to carry out these views, and sent up their names for the purpose of having an interview, that they might explain, face to face, the reasons by which they were actuated. A Rev. gentleman was sent from the committee, to tell the deputation that the business of the committee was such that they could not hear them at present, but that they would be heard at another time. The pressing nature of the business of the deputation was urged, but they were told the committee had decided finally. The deputation earnestly requested the Rev. gentleman to inform the committee that their business was of such a nature that it could not stand till another occasion, but he declined to take up this message to the committee. They then asked the Rev. gentleman to take to the committee the written statement which had been made out, and the requisition, but this he declined also. The deputation were, therefore, compelled to send in their written statement, their remonstrance, and the requisition, by the beadle, addressed to the chairman of the committee, and by this means got the matter laid before the committee. The reply was similar to that which Mr. Collins had himself got—that the committee would not decide upon the woman question. (laughter.) Now, the deputation did not believe that Mr. Collins had come here to instruct them as to the woman question, but simply to ask their support and sympathy towards the American abolitionists, in promoting the abolition of slavery (cheers)—And yet this committee met their remonstrance, at every thing which was said to them, by the reply that they did not wish to say anything on the woman question. (Laughter.)—As to the present meeting, it was proposed that the Secretaries should be heard, and also the friends who got up the previous meeting, and that afterwards a series of resolutions should be proposed by Dr. Ritchie, of Edburgh. After this any who felt themselves aggrieved would be at liberty to move an amendment to these resolutions, and if there was not time to get over the whole business, they would get up another meeting, or series of meetings, in order that the whole of this matter might be fair and amply discussed. In regard to the meeting in Mr. Abbett's church, he thought their friend Mr Collins was placed in rather a trying position. He was not sure if those who befriended him had on that occasion taken the most successful way of enabling him to get a redress of his wrongs. He was allowed to come forward and state his own case; but what did the public of Glasgow know of John Collins! He should have been introduced to the Glasgow public by the Committee of the Emancipation Society; but his friends were in a manner obliged to let him come forward and state his own case without introduction. On that occasion a Rev. Gentleman came forward and took advantage of this circumstance. "Who is thistha comes from America?" he asked. The public of Glasgow perhaps did not know, but it was the duty of the committee to have made him known to the people of Glasgow. (Hear.) In talking with his acquaintances, and in gauging the opinions of the people generally, he found that there was in the minds of many this argument against Mr. Collins. He had had the pleasure of knowing him since his arrival in Glasgow, and up to that moment, the longer he knew him, he loved him still the more; and it became them to bear in mind who Mr. Collins was, and what he was doing here. It was not as an individual that they were to deal with Mr. Collins; it was as the representative of the three millions of enslaved and trodden down men and women in America. (Cheers.) He held an official position; he came as an official person, and insults done to Mr. Collins were insults cast upon the millions of slaves at that moment in bondage. (Hear.) Had their friends of the committee borne this fact in mind, they would have shuddered at the thought of sending Mr. Collins out of Glasgow, without permitting him to open his mouth in their behalf, and sending him home to tell them, that anti-slavery was down in Glasgow—the clergy had resigned, and there was no life—(Great cheering and laughter, which prevented the rest of the sentence being heard.) He rejoiced that this was not—that it would not, be the case—that the inhabitants of Glasgow had responded to the call of the members and friends of the Emancipation Society, and that they had come forward in larger numbers than had ever been collected under the auspices even of clergymen; and that they would send forth such a remonstrance, and infuse such a feeling into the heart of Collins and the slave, as should encourage them with the hope that their redemption was drawing nigh. He rejoiced that the committee were not unanimous in their conduct; he rejoiced that at the commencement of Mr. Collins' visit the meetings of the committee were composed of good men and true, who stood to their principles, and to their professions, and carried them out so long as those people were not present who came forward at the last meeting. So long as the committee stood true to Mr. Collins, they had hoped that committee would be steadfast and unmoveable, and that no question of woman's rights or woman's wrongs would interfere with the question of negro unconditional emancipation. It had, however, not been so. All present were aware that those—and he would speak with respect of the individuals who had brought about this melancholy result,—they were aware that those gentlemen were respected by many, and if their actions deserved it they would be respected still; but if their actions did not deserve it, then they must know that it was their duty to forsake father and mother, and minister and elder. (Loud cheering and laughter.) They must learn the lesson laid down in the Bible by the Prince of preachers,—"Call no man master on earth, for all ye are brethren." (Cheers.) Now, he would give honor to whom honor was due; all of them were bound to do this, but they were not to sacrifice principle—they were not to sacrifice important questions to please any man or body of men. They were to be true to their own conscientious convictions, and to the best interests of their fellow-men, whether they would hear us or forbear us. (Cheers.) He had read the constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society; he had read some of the latest reports brought out by that Society; and he had also read some of its transactions; and he had come with an unprejudiced mind to the conclusion that there was not at this moment, in the known world, a Society that had labored so faithfully, so zealously, and so successfully as that very Society. Thousands of dollars had been spent by them, time had been consecrated to it; and females—ay, there was the objection—had labored in the good cause, and made thorough-going abolitionists in America. (Hear.) The only fault he could find—and he did not regard it as a fault, but he knew it was considered a fault by leading men in that Society—and it was this, that it was just too liberal; it despised creeds, and accepted the aid of any man or every man, of any woman or every woman, that could lend their influence to entirely abolish slavery in America [illegible] was published in our own papers, would people say that females ought not to come forward to advocate the cause of emancipation. [Mr. A. here read an announcement, taken from an American paper, of the result of a sale of slaves—38 negroes, from 18 to 50 years of age, sold at 47,810 dols.; 20 negro women from 18 to 40, with 18 children from 1 month to 6 years old, brought 25,000 dollars; 16 young negroes from 11 to 13 brought 12,875 dollars; 92 persons from one month to fifty years old, 175,000 dollars.] With such a fact before them, was it a time to refuse to hear Mr. Collins, who came from that country? With such facts before them was the Emancipation Committee to have a name to live while it was dead! Were they to tolerate ministers, as members of that Committee, who would not intimate their meetings, or inform the public that Mr. Collins wished to enlist their sympathies in behalf of the slave? No; let them assert their rights and their liberties, and come with united heart and hand to the deliverance of every enslaved human being throughout the world. (Cheers.) And would it lessen their sympathy for the enslaved at home, that they cherished and supported the slave abroad? No; the principle was the same; and, if they could sympathise with those in bonds in America, they could sympathise with those also in bonds elsewhere. (Cheers.) [Here the speaker read, from an American anti-slavery paper, a letter from Mr. George Thompson, dated March 3, to Mr. Garrison, to show that that intrepid friend of the slave still enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Mr. Thompson.] He then proceeded to disclaim any wish or intention to speak disrespectfully of any class of men. He maintained that the American Anti-Slavery Society was unchanged from its commencement, and that it was the same society now that it was when they sent out Mr. George Thompson to America. It had, as a society, taken nothing to do with the woman's rights question, or any other question not connected with its object. It was their duty to sympathise with their friend Collins who appeared among them as the representative of the society, and to send him back with the assurance that their sympathies were in favor of the trodden-down sons of Africa. The speaker, amid much applause, concluded by introducing Mr. Collins to the meeting.

Mr Collins was received with loud cheering. He stated that it was not his intention to make a speech, which the state of his health prevented him from doing, especially before so large a meeting. He then eulogised the glowing eloquence of the previous speaker, and went on to observe that he was an abolitionist, because he was the friend of men—he was an abolitionist because he could not quietly stand and see the rights and liberties of his fellow men infringed upon, it mattered not where or by whom. (Cheers.) Wherever he saw the rights of man invaded, there his feelings were enlisted, and there his energies rushed forth to his rescue. (Cheers.) Anything short of this was not genuine abolitionism; and it was such abolitionism he represented from America. It was this that lay at the foundation of their society—it was this that had galvanised the whole of America; and it had come across the Atlantic, and was here exerting its mighty influence on the minds of the people of this country. He wished he could carry them all that night into his own country. (A voice—"I wish to God you would.") (Great laughter.) He (Mr. C.) should like to do it. There was abundance of soil there—they had a large country; and they held out their hands to receive into their embrace every man from every quarter of the world. Would to God he could put them all in his bosom, and transplant them to his native soil. There they would be held as men having rights equal to those enjoyed by every other man, and, by the blessing of God, through the fertility of their soil, they would be enabled to stand up as men, and as citizens, before the world. They were all free in America if they had a white face. (Laughter.) There was a great deal of freedom in America; every man, woman, and child was cherished and protected by the Government; but the moment you convince the Government, or the community, that there is one drop of African blood in a man's veins, then he is trampled under foot, and oppressed and persecuted. (Shame, shame.) He wished he could transplant the right into the heart of his country, where they sung the song of liberty, and where the goddess of liberty was presented for the nations to look at. Oh! that he could take them to the slave mart! to that place in the very capital of Columbia, where man bought and sold his fellow man! (Shame.) He would read to them a statute book which declared that for the colored man in Virginia there were 73 crimes that would hang a man, and only three of them a white man. (Hear.) Was there any such law in Great Britain? (Cries of No. no.) Oh! he knew there was not. He again wished he could take them there, to show them slaves chained with iron, men, women, and children, and forced to travel over morasses, and hill and dale, one or two thousands of miles, to work out their lives in the cotton plantations. (Here and shame.) He wished he could take them to a log cabin, where a master—the nephew of Thomas Jefferson, the man who formed the sentiment, that all men are created free and equal, with certain rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—that man's very nephew took his hatchet and cut off one limb from a poor runaway negro, which he cast into the fire, observing to those around, that if they ran away they would suffer the same horrible fate; he then took the hatchet in his hand and cut off one limb after another, till nothing remained but the trunk, throwing them all into the fire. (Expressions of horror.) Now, there was no law against this; for though sixty-nine negroes were murdered, the seventieth was not allowed to give evidence against a white man. (Hear.) Was there any thing like this in Britain, in any Christian kingdom on earth? If he thought so, he would not have been in Britain. (Cheers.) One moment's freedom—the right of going and coming as you please—the idea of being free, no matter though in the veriest poverty—is worth more than all the luxuries slavery could bestow. (Cheers.) Mr. C. then proceeded to point out the efforts of the American Anti-Slavery Society to put down this abomination, and observed that the priesthood, with few exceptions, threw themselves across their tract to obstruct their progress. While the Abolitionists tunnelled their way through the mountain of oppression, any time they made a halt the priesthood labored to fill it up. (Cries of "the same here.") He believed it;—he believed it; it was the same here, and he had evidence of it. Mr. C. then observed, that there were many exceptions, both in this country and America; and concluded by again apologising for his inability to address them at any length, in consequence of the state of his health. Mr. C. sat down amid loud cheering.

The Rev. Dr. Ritchie then addressed the meeting, and moved a series of resolutions. He approved of these resolutions, which he said formed a very long text, and therefore called for a very short discourse. They were indeed so extensive, and contained so full an exposition of the sentiments put forth, that they were able at once, without a speech, to say ay or no in respect to them. He begged to say that, in respect to any remarks he might make, he was not there by sufferance; he would as soon walk along Argyle Street with a chain around his neck, as be subjected to any such limitation. As to his being a clergyman, if that was to be taken as a reason why he should not be heard, he would at once retire. (No, no.) He was not to be condemned because he was a clergyman; and there was not a clergyman on the face of the earth he would not condemn, if he knew him to be wrong. He would not condemn a clergyman because he was a clergyman, any more than he would condemn a grocer because he was a grocer. (Laughter.) The Rev. Dr. then went on to describe the cause in which they were met as the cause of humanity, throughout the whole world, whether the man had a black or a white face—whether he was a man employed, or an employer; and when he was advocating the cause of the slave on this occasion, he held, though perhaps he would not think it, that he was at the same time advocating the cause of the slaveholder. (Hear, hear.) If God in his providence should ever place him so as to make it necessary to adopt the alternative, he would say make him a slave rather than a slaveholder,—for the man who held slaves he looked upon as more degraded than the slave himself. (Cheers.) The Rev. Dr. then went on to observe that he cared not what were the opinions of the men who came forward to advocate the cause of the slave, whether Tory, if any such existed yet in the country as curiosities be to put into a museum—(laughter)—or Whig, Radical, or Chartist—he cared not what they were in politics—the only question he would put was, "Are you an abolitionist?" (Cheers.) He then observed that he was not an abolitionist of yesterday, and proceeded to detail the part he had taken in anti-slavery meetings long ago, at a time when the true principle of immediate abolition was not understood. He called upon them to persevere, notwithstanding that they found themselves opposed by this Doctor and that Doctor. If they wanted to find out the real worth of a D. D. just come to him and he would tell them. (Laughter.) He never thought himself a dwarf before he got it, and he never had felt that he was a giant since he got it. (Cheers.) This was no new era in the anti-slavery cause; and they ought not to be scared because there were great men and doctors on the opposite side. He felt vexed when he heard it asked by a speaker at the former meeting—"Who is this that comes from America," &c. Had Mr Collins come to tell this or that minister how to manage his congregation, or conduct his sessional business had he come to tell Dr. Heugh that it was improper for him to be a Presbyterian, and that he should turn an Independent; or Dr. Wardlaw, that he should not be an Independent, but should conform himself to Presbyterianism—he could have understood the necessity for such a question; but when Mr. Collins came from a country where slavery was reigning paramount he was just the very man they wanted to tell them about slavery. (Cheers. It was an easy matter, he observed, to talk about slavery; but how would they act in one of the Southern States, with the gully knives drawn upon them! to stand up in the middle of a mob, and face martyrdom, for the sake of the slave! (Cheers.) He did not think he wanted resolution, yet he was not sure if he would be able to face martyrdom even in such a cause; but he would tell who had done it—Wm. Lloyd Garrison. (Loud and continued cheering.) The Rev. Gentleman proceeded, by using the simile of the pioneers in a regiment, to point out the great benefits which Mr. Garrison had conferred on the Emancipation cause by pioneering the way for the progress of Emancipation principles. He rose in behalf of the slave when no one else did, sacrificing reputation and every thing else, and endangering life itself in this holy cause: and where was the man, who, knowing all that Garrison had done, in behalf of the slave and the man of colour, would give credence to the calumnies which had been raised against him. (Cheers.) What had he done? Had they found out that he was become the enemy of the slave? No; but they had found out that he advocated the rights of woman. (Hear.) Why, guess the opinions Mr. Ga[illegible] held on that subject, he neither knew nor cared, but [illegible] had no hesitation in saying this, that women ought to be [illegible] very Anti-Slavery Society. The people of America sent over female representatives to what was called the World's Convention; but, because they were females, they could not be received. Was a woman, he should like to know, not a part of the world? and when a World's Convention was held were they not entitled to receive her as a delegate! He maintained she had as good a right to be received in that Convention as the venerable Clarkson himself. (Great cheering.) Were they to settle all such petty considerations as these before they abolished slavery? Another charge against Garrison was, that he held peculiar views on the Sabbath; but he (Mr. R.) had nothing to do with that. The only question he had to put was, is he an abolitionist? Whatever might be his views upon the Sabbath question, he still held to his text, and maintains that he was a glorious anti slavery man, and therefore he would cheer him on. (Cheers.) It was said, again, that he held wrong views about ministers. That was rather a sore point, he must confess—(laughter)—but he was the worst enemy of the gospel ministry he knew of, who stood up in defence of the crimes of gospel ministers. (Cheers.) For a minister of Christ to be successful, he must be pure and unspotted. This was not the day nor the hour to bring up such things. He believed the time was coming, when there was not a creed upon the face of the earth that would be what it was now. Reformation was constantly going on, and he did not know the church nor the creed that would not admit of reformation, and which had not much need of it. (Cheers.) He was not to be frightened by such a cow as that; he had met too many dangers to be afraid of such a one as that. (Hear.) What they were met to do was to sympathise with, and cheer on, an anti-slavery society, and with private views of its members they had nothing to do; the Society was an immediate Abolition Society; and if it was not so he would not give a fig for it. Sorry was he to say that in America the great majority of the ministers of the gospel were pro-slavery men; and of all men the most contemptible was such a one as this. (Cheers.) What did he tell the people in his most solemn moments? That he walked in the footsteps of Him who came to give liberty to the captive—to undo the heavy burdens—and to proclaim the acceptable day of our Lord; while his life is a practical refutation of his professions. (Cheers.) The Church in America was blasted by the mildew of pro-slavery. What was it, for instance, to reflect that a minister of the gospel, and a missionary, was spoken of as the property of a congregation? (Hear.) Yes; he belongs to a congregation, and they can sell him. He read of such a case in the Liberator, conducted by Mr. Garrison and his labors as a minister were spoken of and applauded. [Mr. Collins: There are hundreds of such.] Mr. C. had just told there were hundreds of such. What a depth of abomination was here, which no man was able to fathom! (Cheers.) The worst enemies of abolition in America were the ministers of the gospel. Here the Rev. Dr. referred more particularly to the attempts of the clergy to amalgamate pro-slavery and anti-slavery; some of them made great professions for a time, and then retrograded into the gradual state of things. He would explain this by an illustration. He was a teetotaller, and had been so for some years. Now, what would be thought of him if he retrograded, and went back into the ranks of what was called temperance, which prohibited whiskey, but allowed any given quantity of wine, porter, and strong beer, just to get Dr. Wardlaw and Dr. Heugh with him? (Laughter.) The old organization in America was teetotalism, and the new organization was temperance. (Renewed laughter.) The pro-slavery ministers in America were cheering on the new organization. They said that was the Society for them, for it would enable them to keep their pulpits for a few years longer. They will permit you to blaspheme slavery as much as you please, and as loudly as you please, and to fix the brand upon it as deeply as you can, provided always you don't act as an Anti-Slavery man. (Applause.) The original American Anti-Slavery Society had, they knew, received the approbation of the men of color times without number, while they had expressed their determined hostility to the new organization. This was with him almost sufficient to settle the whole case. (Cheers.) Public opinion was also going fast the right way in America. The mushroom new Societies were like Jonah's gourd, and like it, they would go down in a night. After dwelling shortly upon this point, the Rev. Doctor referred to the subject of the annual report, a portion of which had been complained of. He spoke of the difficult duty the Secretaries had to perform in drawing out minutes, reports, &c., of Committees, as it was known, he said, no Committee could ever agree to a single sentence, and the Secretaries were left to do so out of notes and scraps taken at the moment, which scarcely any one had the power to read. He then remarked that the present was not a solitary instance of curious work going on in this Society. (Hear, hear.) He remembered being present at a meeting in Dr. Heugh's church, when a minister rose to move the adoption of the Report. Well, he began, and he raked the poor Report fore and aft, and the minister who rose to second him followed in the same path, so that between the two fires it was almost burned. This was not the first time, therefore, that this Committee had behaved in the way they had lately done. A more clumsy, contemptible, unbusinesslike procedure he had never heard of, than to put a Report through the ordeal eight months after it had passed the annual meeting. (Hear.) Was it business-like, he asked, to act in such a way as this? He was bound to say that there was some reason for that conduct different from the reason that appeared on the surface. (Hear.) He thought their conduct towards Mr. Collins was in every respect to be condemned; and there was a London Committee, whose conduct was equally blameable with that of Glasgow. This Committee was written to by some Glasgow friends, for information as to their treatment of Mr Collins, and they received for reply a letter which they had sent to Dublin. He would not mind a London committee any more than he would mind a Partick committee or a Camlachie committee; and he would advise them not to trust any cause to the guidance of a committee in London. (Hear.) They were too near Downing-street, and too much under its influence, to go about business in an honest way. The Rev. Dr. then, by way of encouragement, called upon them to persevere in the straightforward course they were pursuing, and the Lord would find plenty of instruments to do his work, and not to look for the aid of great men and great doctors. (Hear.) He would care no more for a thing called a throne, than he would for a buffet-stool; and he would care no more for a thing called a crown, than for a Kilmarnock coul. (Great laughter.) He looked for the excellence of the brain and the sincerity of the heart. (Cheers.) Let him see a man do what he ought to do, and if he sat upon a buffet-stool, he venerated him the more for it. (Cheers.) And if ever he heard intellect speaking, and piety breathing, it was when men, women, and children were together stooping over the buffet-stool. (Great cheering.)

Mr. M'EWEN read an address from the working men of Glasgow to Mr. Collins. The document was of great length, and, though full of the exaggerated notions entertained by many of the Chartists, was nevertheless an ably drawn up paper. Mr. Collins made a brief reply. Mr. M'Farlan then moved a resolution, embracing the adoption of universal suffrage, which was seconded by Mr. Gardner, and carried unanimously.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Tales of Oppression.

No. XXIII.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

In the summer of 1787, a vessel arrived in New-York, from the island of Bermuda. Among the hands was a slave named Joe, or Joseph. Joe had no idea of returning to Bermuda a slave, and, in order to secure his liberty, the natural right of all men, left the vessel and made the best of his way, on foot, to Philadelphia, where he hoped to find protection. But the day he arrived there, as he was passing down South Second street, and had proceeded as far as the corner of Norris' alley, opposite the house once occupied by the benevolent Wm. Penn, and which is still standing, he was accosted by a certain Captain Cox, as a fugitive slave, and ordered into the house. Joe did not appear to be at all alarmed, and readily complied. Captain Cox was a native and inhabitant of Bermuda, and was well acquainted with Joe and his owner. Joe feigned much pleasure in meeting with his *old friend*, as he called the captain—said he had come to New-York in a vessel that he named, and that permission had been given him to go a few miles into the country to visit his sister—that he had returned to the city at the time appointed, but the vessel had sailed. He also said that he had called upon the consignee and advised with him as to the best course he should pursue. The consignee informed Joe that his captain had left directions for him to go to Philadelphia and get a passage home, but if he should be unsuccessful, to return to New-York and wait till he should come again, which would be soon. This ingenious story satisfied Captain Cox, who informed Joe that there was a vessel then in Port that would sail for Bermuda in a few days. Joe was directed to the kitchen, while the captain went to make enquiry about the vessel, and engage a passage home for him. I was an apprentice with my uncle, in whose family Cox was a temporary resident, and I closely watched Joe's countenance, and soon became convinced that he was not so much gratified with meeting with his *old friend* as he pretended to be, for the tears were trickling down his cheeks.

My feelings soon became enlisted on behalf of the poor man, who could not altogether disguise the anguish of his mind. I had heard Algerine slavery spoken of, and I queried within myself whether, if Captain Cox had been captured by them and redu

to atoms, may it not be till it falls upon the last vestige of New Organization. When this tool of slavery ceases to exist, our battle with negro slavery will be a comparatively short and easy matter.

I shall visit Dublin, Liverpool, and Manchester, before I start for home; which will be on the 4th of June, without fail. The state of things in this country is, at the present time, peculiarly interesting, both in a political and ecclesiastical point of view. The tory party is now in the ascendancy, but it cannot be so long. The whigs and chartists will soon unite; and the whigs will gain them only by granting what they demand. Chartism is terrifying all classes. Its spirit is rampant, and no earthly power can stay its course. They are to this country what the despised abolitionists are to America.* The same arguments are made use of here to deprive the people of their political rights, as are used among us for keeping the slaves in chains. The chartists, and many others, are in that transition state of mind, which prepares them to examine every new principle. The church also is in a transition state. The tee-totallers, who are thorough Christian reformers, are knocked about by the clergy, just as we are. This opens the eyes of multitudes, both among those who are, and are not, tee-totallers. A general restlessness prevails among all classes, indicating the near approach of great changes. The working classes are destined by Providence soon to become the political leaders of this country. America is better for a colored man, degraded as he is, than England is for a poor man.

In great haste, yours sincerely,

J. A. COLLINS.

* There is one important difference. The chartists would effect their much-needed revolution by physical force; an agency which abolitionists have always abjured.—Ed.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1841.

Organizations.

"Act with stern truth, large faith, and loving will:
Up, and be doing: God is with us still."

From the commencement of our enterprise, there have been a few, who professed to be interested therein, and who really were so to a considerable degree, who yet shrunk from organizations, dreading their interference with individual freedom. No one can respect this scruple more sincerely than myself; for no one more decidedly resists all control, or supervision, in matters of conscience. It is not in my nature to accept a proposition as truth, because another perceives it to be so; no matter what halo of holiness traditionary reverence may have gathered around his name, no matter how strong my personal respect and affection; as Rahel says, "I simply *cannot* do it, as I cannot play upon a flute."

Yet with this strong individuality, I have never found any difficulty in preserving my freedom in connection with anti-slavery societies. I have indeed heard arguments, theological or otherwise, brought to their support, which were abhorrent to my reason; and not unfrequently expressions which shocked my taste. But these were disagreeables belonging to any intercourse with general society; and it would have been selfish refinement, indeed, to allow them to come in the way of active co-operation for good.

That there *have* been abuses in the anti-slavery organization, that strong attempts *have* been made to supervise individual opinions, and establish tests and creeds, as the churches do, has greatly increased the number of those who shrink from organizations. But are they blind to the fact, that these strong efforts were as strongly resisted? That a very large proportion of our organization resolutely refused to apply any test to the opinions of their brethren? Men of limited minds, seeing this action on the subject of non-resistance, straightway concluded that those doctrines had numerous proselytes among us; but where ten voted from sympathy with those views, hundreds, either opposed or indifferent, voted simply to sustain individual freedom of opinion. The attempt to impose any other test would meet with similar resistance; for old organization anti-slavery is combined action with perfect individual freedom.

But it is urged, you have a creed, after all; for your members must all hate slavery, abominate slaveholding, and agree to do their utmost for its annihilation. Very true.—So, in combining men together to build a ship, they must all agree to do somewhat toward finishing the vessel; for that is the purpose for which they agree to combine together; but of what consequence is it, whether the workmen do, or do not, adopt different forms of religious or political opinion? Their combination as carpenters makes no interference with their freedom as men; though it may bring them within hearing of sentiments they do not believe or approve.

As for the *votes* of societies, wherein do they involve my conscience? I am responsible only for that which I myself have voted for. What Whig or Democrat thinks of being individually reponsible for every resolution passed, or every expression uttered, at the public meetings of their political parties? What Calvinist or Unitarian feels personally implicated in all that is said and done in their associations?—They may perhaps have no further connection with these sects, than to take periodicals whose general spirit they approve, or to hire a pew in a church where the preaching suits their taste. But even this is essentially combined action. In your zeal for individual freedom, you will perhaps reply, that this is sufficient reason why they should abandon these things. But if they do, they forthwith find themselves in a new combination. Men organize for the express purpose of putting down all organization. They must have a voice, and therefore establish a newspaper. Though without any nominal president, or executive committee, yet individuals naturally become a sort of committee, to superintend the business of the paper: hands combine together to print it; and purses, though unpledged, flow together for its support.

One of the ancient philosophers, talking of the transmigration of souls, was asked into what animal he would like to pass, after death. He replied, "I should choose to take no form in particular." This is just as possible, as it is for men to act without combination, more or less organized.—The law of duality prevails here, as elsewhere. Man is made at once an individual and a social being. He cannot help it, if he would. It is one form of that fierce old battle between Free Will and Necessity. It is the centrifugal and centripetal forces, manifested in man's outward life, as in the motion of the planets.

A distinction has been made by some, between conventions and societies. But what, after all, is the American Anti-Slavery Society but an annual convention, brought spontaneously together by sympathy on one subject? Is anybody absurd enough to suppose its President has any real power to abuse? And what are the Executive, but a mere standing committee, for the convenience of transacting business during the intervals of meeting? All officers in the society are mere temporary conveniences, to prevent confusion and loss of time. A house cannot be built without a head workman, nor a paper printed without a supervisor, or proof-reader.

The changes that are perceptibly going over public opinion, and which will eventually completely reverse its former decisions, may be attributed mainly to anti-slavery *societies*. I select Dr. Channing, not as a peculiar proof, but as one in point. One of his parishioners told me, in 1835, that it was no new thing for Dr. Channing's mind to be interested on the subject of slavery; that he had several years before returned from the West Indies very much impressed with the iniquity of the system, and told him, soon after his arrival, that he meant to preach a sermon about it. I could never learn that he did preach the sermon. In those quiet days, it would have been a popular theme for an eloquent discourse; especially as the scene would be laid in a foreign land, and the sin chargeable upon a foreign people. The probability is, that the subject gradually died away in his mind, on account of the apathy around him. And what aroused him to renewed interest? The action of anti-slavery societies. The moral atmosphere grew warm, glowing around him; and he could not help inhaling it.

At first, he had conscientious scruples about signing petitions to Congress; but he afterward headed them, acknowledging that the facts and arguments laid before him had changed his opinion. From the beginning, Dr. Channing has acted according to his own individual convictions, and chosen his own individual modes of action. But both the conviction and the mode have received their coloring from the associated action of abolitionists. Had not men combined together to publish and circulate arguments in favor of immediate emancipation, James G. Birney would probably have gone to his grave a colonizationist and a slaveholder, and never have drawn forth a letter from Dr. Channing. Had no anti-slavery society established a press, Lovejoy might be still alive, and Dr. Channing would never have made his effort at Faneuil Hall—an effort the more noble, because it must have been painful to one of his quiet character and reserved habits. With all his distaste for our associations, this secluded, but conscientious man still finds himself, he scarcely can define why, co-operating with us. Every new year sees him admitting something which he rejected, or doubted, the year preceding; until at last, he gives his books for anti-slavery societies to circulate, and carefully examines the advertisement of an Anti-Slavery Fair, to find articles he can purchase. He, and other champions of what is called individual action, will not admit my proposition, because they will not perceive it to be true; but the simple fact is, anti-slavery societies are the steam, and they are the passengers in the cars. They may not like the puffing and blowing, the cinders and the jolting; but the powerful agency carries them onward.

The plea that organizations have done their work seems to me remarkably untrue. I think there never was a time when their agency was more needed, or when so many channels were opened for efficient action. The subject now has fairly gained the public ear, and that which is spoken will be heard with more of candor, and enlightened comprehension. Every obstacle in our way, even our late unhappy divisions, have opened new sources of communication with the people at large. Priest, politician and slaveholder, in the blind zeal of their opposition, are all helping the agitation. If they would work without *us* to oppose, we might indeed trust them to do all the labor, and gladly enough slip out of the traces ourselves; but this they will not do. To keep *them* at work, *we* must work; and I fear too that not only they, but our *individual* friends, would be in great danger of stopping, if we stop; for what can passengers in the middle of a rail-road do without steam? They would have to hire a horse, or ox power, which might come to them in the form of Colonization, or its twin sister, New Organization; but it would surely lead them off the track, and probably land them behind the place they started from.

In a word, tell the experienced dairy-woman to stop her agitation when the feathering cream gives token that the butter *begins* to come; but do not tell us that anti-slavery societies have done their work, and are no longer needed.—L. M. C.

The Deserted Church.

There was formerly a portion of the College Common, in Cambridge, Mass., which appeared to be scathed, as if fire had run over it. A tradition in the University, handed down from the olden time, declared that two students were playing at cards after twelve o'clock Saturday night, when the Devil came among them, and after giving them a terrible fright, sprang from the window upon the Common, and was seen dancing there in the moonlight. Wheresoever his feet touched, the grass withered, and could never again be made to grow. This story doubtless originated in some roguish student's having dressed himself up with hoof and horns, to terrify his companions; but the blighted grass was long after pointed out, as a proof of the devil's dancing.

Those acquainted with the situation of Eastern Virginia are aware that similar marks of his footsteps are abundant on her naturally fertile soil. Lands once under high cultivation have run over to woods and underbrush; and the enterprising Yankee, when he visits the unsaleable acres to cut wood upon contract, needs no other inducement to buy whole townships, than the certainty that emancipation will take place before many years.

I think it was Mr. Breckenridge, who, in one of his old Colonization lectures, declares that after "an absence of two hundred years, even the wolves have come back to howl over the desolations of slavery."

These thoughts were brought into my mind by the recollection of a story told me, some fifteen years ago, by a very intelligent young lady from the District of Columbia. She was travelling with her brother somewhere in the interior of Virginia. Marks of diminishing prosperity every where met their view. One day in particular, they entered upon a region which seemed entirely deserted. Here and there some elegant villa indicated the former presence of wealth; but piazzas had fallen, and front doors had either dropped, or hung suspended upon one hinge; a stray garden flower peeped forth, amid the choking wilderness of weeds; and vines, once carefully trained on lattices, spread over the ground in tangled confusion. Nothing disturbed the silence, save the twittering of some startled bird, or the hoot and scream of gloomy wood creatures, disturbed by the unusual noise of travellers.

At last they came to a church, which completely arrested their attention. The mouldering steps were moss grown, the door had fallen, and a tree, growing up in the centre of the aisle, had sent its verdant branches through the roof, into the sunlight above. Curiosity induced them to stop and examine the interior. Their entrance startled innumerable birds and bats, which flew circling round their heads, and through the broken windows. The pews in the broad aisle had coats-of-arms blazoned on the door-pannels, but birds had built their nests in the corners, and grass had grown up through the chinks of the floor. The handsome trimmings of the pulpit were so covered with dust as to leave the original color extremely doubtful; and on the cushion lay a gilded Bible, still open, probably at the place where religious services had last been read.

Altogether, it was a scene highly impressive to the imagination; and when I heard it described, it affected my youthful fancy like details of a visit to the castle of the Seven Sleepers; for such complete desolation, where life had once been busy, and pride had clothed itself in forms of outward beauty, seemed like the work of enchantment.

At the next inhabited village, the traveller obtained a brief outline of its history. The place had been originally settled by wealthy families, and with large plantations and numerous slaves. Virginians of the olden school would not only have felt disgraced by the modern profession of breeding slaves for the market, they had likewise a strong family pride which made them averse to selling any slave that had belonged to their ancestors. So the slaves multiplied on their hands, and soon it "took all their corn to feed their hogs, and all their hogs to feed their negroes."

Matters grew worse and worse with these old families. The strong soil, at last exhausted by the miserable system of slavery, would no longer yield its produce. What could be done with the sons of these aristocratic gentlemen, under such circumstances? Plantations must be bought for them in the far southwest, and they must disperse, carrying with them trains of negroes. Another new and fertile soil must be blighted by the Devil's footsteps; and in a few generations that too must be left, for another, newer still. The whole range of the country between the Atlantic and the Pacific seems needed to keep alive a system, which, like the locusts of Egypt, devours every green thing it passes over.

One after another went away, till only one or two families were left in all that fair region to attend service in the Episcopal church. Finally, the last one departed. None would buy the impoverished estates, and desolation was left to do its work.

Why is it that Virginians will cling to this evil system? Have they never asked themselves why Virginia, with her once luxuriant soil, her noble rivers, her fine harbors, and internal resources as great as any State in the Union, has yet continually degenerated? Do they not know that slave breeding for the Southwestern markets is all that keeps the vile system from destroying *itself*, after it has destroyed all things else? Of what use are angry denials, when such is the notorious fact? And what does Virginia gain to compensate for the finger of scorn everywhere pointed against this disgusting and execrable traffic! What, but an impoverished soil, discouraged enterprise, an irritable sense of being in the wrong, and uneasy apprehensions of future dangers? And all the while the simple and certain remedy lies at her very doors.—L. M. C.

A letter from our efficient agent, E. D. Hudson, requests the following statement to be made concerning the Congregational Observer, published in ——, Connecticut.—He says its course has long been viewed with grief and serious complaint by very many abolitionists of that State; and he thinks truth and freedom require its present position to be made known. The editor, E. R. Tyler, was formerly a faithful anti-slavery agent in Connecticut; neither the opposition of the ministry, nor the threats of the mob, discouraged him. He was bold in defence of the slave's rights, and wrote several uncompromising articles on the subject; such as his "Slaveholding a *malum in se*." All this led the abolitionists to place implicit confidence in him; and they greatly rejoiced when he became editor of the Observer; expecting that his course would be open and honorable, "without partiality, and without hypocrisy."—Filled with these hopes, many of them cheerfully, and without compensation, came forward to circulate his prospectus, urging all Christian philanthropists to come up to his support. They have been sadly disappointed. In the face of his "Slaveholding a *malum in se*," he now declares that "slaveholding is not invariably sinful." Still professing to be an abolitionist, he has so much lowered his standard, that he declares churches to be *anti*-slavery, which are obviously full of *pro*-slavery; he almost entirely absents himself from the meetings of the Executive Committee; he publishes wholesale accusations against us, and invariably refuses to publish a refutation of them; nay, his editorials often endorse the charges, which he will give us no opportunity to prove untrue. In all this he is sustained by the new organization; and some, long notorious for their *bitter* hostility to anti-slavery, now lend their influence to procure subscribers for the Observer; for instance, Gordon Hayes, of Washington, the active opposer of E. R. Tyler when he *first* took the editorial chair.

Thus much it seems necessary to state, that the unsuspecting may not be deceived, and that the true position of the paper may be generally understood.

"A Scripture Manual, containing four hundred and thirty-five questions on theological and moral subjects, alphabetically arranged. By Charles Simmons."

This is the title of a book left with us for examination. It has evidently been compiled with great diligence and care, and must be extremely valuable to those who are in the habit of searching the scriptures for texts on various disputed points. We are glad to see that it not only includes Baptism, the Atonement, &c. but all the Reformatory questions of the day; such as Drunkenness, Slavery, War, Government, &c.

Texts for and against the proposition involved in each question are arranged in separate columns, side by side; numbers, enclosed in brackets at the end, point to kindred questions; and when a subject bears several different names, it is mentioned under each. It has likewise a good index.

For sale, Crocker & Brewster, Boston; Isaac Wilcox, Providence; Mr. Tracy, Utica; Mr. McIntyre, Pawtucket; Francis S. Munroe, Taunton; Chas. Simmons, Wareham, Mass. Price 62½ cents single copy; 56 cents each by the half dozen; 50 cents each by the dozen. The author says, "It is believed that this low price will not more than defray the expense of publishing and distributing the edition of one thousand copies; and as this is the author's first book, he has chosen to offer it at cost. As he has devoted much of his time and study in compiling, arranging, and publishing this concordance of Bible questions, he asks the disinterested friends of Bible truth and reform, to make gratuitous efforts in giving a speedy circulation to the work, that he may not become embarrassed by his first effort in publishing."

British Cruisers.

The following account, written from Havanna, by a correspondent of the New-York Express, is going the rounds, headed "Another British Outrage;" and not a little indignation is called forth thereby. If it were connected with any other subject upon earth but slavery, American shrewdness would soon discover that the crews described belonged to no British cruiser. It is acknowledged that they had "no flag flying, nor any visible sign of nationality;" cutlasses and daggers are tools more indicative of a pirate, than a man of war; and their whole conduct, particularly their treatment to the negroes, implies the same thing. They were doubtless slave-traders, who thought it a good joke to pass themselves off for British cruisers; thus securing plunder, while they rendered Americans more irritable about having their vessels searched.

"The brig A. E. of Baltimore, Captain C. F. Driscoll, sailed from this place in the month of September for Cabinda, with a cargo of dry goods, tobacco and powder. Having met with bad weather at sea he was obliged to put into Charleston to repair, whence he sailed on his voyage. Nothing material occurred until he arrived off Cabinda, when he was boarded by two boats crews (fifteen in number) commanded by an English officer, but without a flag flying or any visible sign of nationality, armed to the teeth with cutlasses, pistols, carbines, and daggers, or long knives, who insolently demanded his papers, declaring at the same time that he would take command of the vessel. Captain D. pointed to the American flag, which he had flying, and averred that his was an American vessel engaged in a legal trade, and in proof thereof produced his papers, which the English officer tried to obtain possession of, but not being permitted by Captain D. he said—"never mind, I will take you for a scoundrelly Yankee negro stealer, and have you all strung up at the main yard if you offer the least resistance." They then shaped the course of the vessel for River Congo, and commenced breaking out the cargo to get at the rum, and carried on so outrageously that Captain D.'s lady, who was on board, together with her daughter, was taken violently ill, and for some time her life was despaired of,—the English crew never for a moment ceasing their outrageous conduct.—They continued at River Congo twelve days, pillaging the negro canoes that passed, taking from them their beads, looking glasses, paddles, and every little thing, leaving the poor negroes no alternative but to swim on shore, and abandon their canoes to the tide.

This conduct they continued for some time, often taking in their boats some of the American crew, until at last the negroes becoming exasperated assembled in force, and attacking the boats killed an American seaman belonging to the A. E., and wounded several English. They then returned precipitately on board, and getting the brig under way, set sail for Cabinda. They there found H. B. M. brig of war Persian, Lieutenant commanding Symmes, with the American flag flying. Lieut. Symmes then came on board with an additional boat's crew, and commenced breaking out the cargo, without asking to look at the brig's papers, or paying any attention to Captain D.'s protestations. After ransacking the cargo four days, bursting open bales and boxes, and knocking open the kegs of powder, finding nothing, they took what they pleased, each man selecting what he most fancied, and then tumbling the cargo into the hold took to their boats, leaving the brig at liberty.

"For fifteen days," says Captain D., "I had seventeen men on board, eating and drinking the best they could find, and for four days longer the commander and nearly all of his men pillaging my stores and drinking my liquors, they being on very short allowance on board their own vessel." The English brig kept the American flag flying all the time, and went off with it flying at her peak. The English officers declared they would seize every American vessel they came across, and break up their trade entirely,—and from our late accounts from the States it seems they are determined to put their threat into execution."

Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

OLD ORGANIZATION.

The following remarks from our friend C. Burleigh, in the Penn. Freeman, express the general sentiments of those who attended the meeting.

The harmony of feeling and general unity of opinion on all questions of importance which prevailed, were the more agreeable for the contrast they presented to the discord and dissensions of the last two years. The degree of spirit and enthusiasm in the cause, and of apparently earnest resolution to sustain our national organization, altogether exceeded what I had expected to witness, or what our friends generally seemed to have anticipated before they came together. The speeches were all short, many of them animated and occasionally eloquent. Many others gave their sentiments in brief remarks, on the various topics brought before us. On the whole, I think it one of the best meetings of the American Society that I have ever attended, and I feel, in view of it, strengthened in the belief that this organization has not yet fulfilled its mission, but is destined to be productive of good, and is an important part of the machinery of our enterprise. I hope it will receive a fair share of support from the abolitionists of Pennsylvania.

* * * * * * * * *

Taken all together, the meeting has been interesting, animated, and cheering. The attendance at the business sessions was larger, and continued more constantly full to the end, than any which I have ever attended except those of the last two years, when the exciting questions on which the society divided were before us, and occasioned unusually large gatherings."

From England.

Our true-hearted friend has written another cheering letter to the Editor of the Liberator, from which we extract the following:

C. L. Remond left us only yesterday, after paying us a visit of a week. He is in good health now, and is getting on well. I can truly say, that the more we have seen of him, the more highly do we appreciate his character—his gentle and christian forbearance, his candor and honesty—and his ability in serving the great cause, which he is sacrificing so much to advocate. His course is wise and judicious, upright and honest—and he is exciting a warm interest in the question of American slavery, by his powerful and convincing appeals. He gave three lectures here, and six or seven both at Newcastle and Sunderland; and has also addressed large audiences at Shields, Durham, Wexham, Gateshead, &c.

Accept my heartfelt thanks for the volume of the Liberator for 1840. A more acceptable present could not have been made me.

Thy friend,
ELIZABETH PEASE."

The same packet brought a letter from Remond himself, published in the Liberator, from which we quote the following:

"In view of the conflict which appears to be waxing hotter and hotter at home, I can only trust and pray that the colored people will be true to themselves; and the *Standard*, around which they should rally as one man, will appear to them as plain as if written with a sunbeam upon yonder sky, if they are looking to the signs of the times. A crisis is fast approaching, when decision will indeed be necessary, and action the most prompt in character unavoidable. If they cannot trust their best friends in fair weather, they surely will be wanting in the hour of danger and of storm. If our people had spoken as they should have done, at the time of holding the first convention in Philadelphia, a work would have been done worthy of them and the cause they love. There is yet time for its accomplishment. We need more radicalism among us, before we can speak as becomes a suffering, oppressed and persecuted people. We have been altogether too fearful of martyrdom—quite too indefinite in our views and sentiments—too slow in our movements. These failings, (I will not call them faults,) the oppressor and the persecutor, together with the negro-hating colonizationist, have taken advantage of. Let every case where legal rights are withheld, be legally investigated. Let every colored man, called upon to pay taxes to any institution in which he is deprived or denied its privileges and advantages, withhold his taxes, though it costs imprisonment or confiscation. Let our motto be—*No privileges, no pay.*

Your affectionate friend, in bonds for truth and the oppressed. C. LENOX REMOND."

NOTICES.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of N. Y. Philomathean Society held May 21st 1841, the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted unanimously:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from life, our beloved Brother Wm. L. Jeffers one of the founders of this Society, its Library, and one of the most enthusastic supporter of its interests; therefore be it

Resolved, That whilst the Society bows in humble submission to the stroke, it cannot but express its heartfelt sorrow at the bereavement.

Resolved, That the Society do wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these preceedings be published in the Colored, and N. Y. American, and Anti-Slavery Standard.

P. A. BELL, *Prefect.*

Francis Myers, *Scribe.*

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair.

The Anti-Slavery women of Boston would again by their Committee, call the attention of their friends in Massachusetts, and throughout the country, to the increased prospect of aiding the cause, by means of the '*Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair*,' already notified to be held at Boston during Christmas week, 1841. The receipts of the sale of last year, far exceeding those of any previous year, afford ample testimony to the faithfulness with which the women of Massachusetts have discharged, amid much 'evil report,' the responsibilities they have assumed, and encourage us *again* to summon them to unite with us for a still more strenuous effort in the slave's behalf.

We ask anti-slavery societies to take early action with respect to the Fair, and communicate their determination to us. In towns where no society exists, or where having a name to live they are dead, let individuals, who remain true to the cause, unite their efforts in this behalf. Permit us to say here, to any who, in view of our protracted struggle and unanticipated perplexities, may be preparing to abandon the cause—'The numbers of the enslaved, their sufferings and despair, the crime and danger of the slaveholder, the guilt of his northern confederate, are no less than when they first awoke your conscience, and enlisted your sympathy. Remember the declaration of our Savior, 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'

In many places, one laborer bears alone the heat and burden of the day. To such we would say, be resolute and self-sustained. You do but seem to be alone. Within your call are true and faithful hearts.

——'hearts glowing with a flame,
Kindled like yours for purposes the same,
To cheer the watch, to daunt a common foe.'

Help shall arise by your side soon, and at the eleventh hour the ranks will be full.

We entreat our friends to encourage us by their presence at the time of the sale as well as by their donations. Arrangements will be made for the accommodation of all who come up to our help, and no endeavors omitted to make the occasion one of enjoyment and festivity, as well as of toil and responsibility.

So well is the Fair now understood, that a particular description of articles that might be profitably provided is unnecessary. Information will be furnished upon application to any member of our Committee.

We shall address to you, from time to time, during the year, such information respecting our plans and arrangements, as may facilitate yours. Meanwhile, asking earnestly for your correspondence, co-operation and advice, we are affectionately your friends and co-laborers for the slave,

Maria W. Chapman,	Lydia Maria Child,
Mary A. W. Johnson,	Mary G. Chapman,
Thankful Southwick,	Eliza Lee Follen,
Louisa Loring,	Henrietta Sargent,
Eliza F. Meriam,	Susan Paul,
Ann T. G. Phillips,	Eliza Philbrick,
Mary Young,	Anne Warren Weston,
Caroline Weston,	Helen E. Garrison,
Abby Southwick,	Louisa Sewall,
Lavinia Hilton,	Cecilia Howard,
Mary F. Rogers,	Caroline F. Williams,
Emily A. Winslow,	Hannah S. Adams,
Hannah Tufts,	Mary Willey,
Catharine Sargent,	

A Public Meeting in behalf of the Press.

Pursuant to notice, a meeting was convened on Monday evening the 17th inst. at the second colored Presbyterian Church, 23 Canal street, in behalf of the Mirror of Liberty, Mr. William A. Tyson was called to the Chair, and P. Leveridge was appointed Secretary.

After some remarks by the Chairman, Mr. David Ruggles expressed his determination to continue the Mirror of Liberty as a semi-monthly periodical, and solicited the patronage of the meeting to its support.

Mr. J. N. Still arose and submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That as the Editor of the Mirror of Liberty has honorably redeemed his pledge to the people by the appearance of the last number of said paper, this meeting pledge itself in good faith to the support of the Mirror of Liberty, and recommend it to the unlimited patronage of our proscribed brethren and the friends of the perishing slave.

Mr. Ransom F. Wake arose to second the resolution, and, after reading some interesting articles from the May number of that periodical, which elicited encouraging remarks from several gentlemen, the resoluion was unanimously adopted.

On motion of R. F. Wake, it was unanimously voted that a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to the Editor of the Colored American Emancipator, and the National Anti-Slavery Standard, for publication. On motion the meeting adjourned.

WM. A. TYSON, Chairman.
P. LEVERIDGE, Secretary.
New York, May 18th, 1841.

NOTICE.

At a Convention of the colored people held in Brantford, U. Canada, January 4th, 1841, and adjourned to London, the following resolve was adopted, to which please give publicity in the columns of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

Resolved, That a Convention called by the colored people of Canada, on the subject of *Education*, shall be held in the town of London, U. C., on June 2d, 1841, to which delegates, *irrespective of color*, may be sent from any part of the Province, and all persons coming from the United States or elsewhere, shall be considered, irrespective of color, as honorary members.

JAMES C. BROWN, *President.*

THE MIRROR OF LIBERTY—PROSPECTUS.

The Mirror of Liberty will enter the arena, semi-monthly in behalf of the dumb—for the immediate emancipation and full enfranchisement of three millions of my down-trodden countrymen and women, in this

"Our own,
Our native land."

for the restoration of equal rights to all mankind.. It will advocate Reform—radical reform, in every ramification of society. It will go for the "largest liberty," personal, political and religious.

Terms—The Mirror of Liberty will be published semi-monthly, and will contain eight enlarged pages.

The sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, only, is wanted towards the pledge of $500 to render the Mirror a permanent semi-monthly journal.

Let every Agent do his duty—I shall rely on receiving at least 10 paying subscribers from every true friend and agent by the first of June next. *Do what you can.*

Providence permitting, by your prompt and efficient aid, Volume 2, of the Mirror of Liberty shall commence next month. The cause demands that every man should do his duty.

"Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From grey-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of truth."

DAVID RUGGLES,
Ed. of the Mirror of Liberty.

N. B. Travelling Agents are wanted for this Journal in the Western part of this State, for Pennsylvania, Ohio Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, and Upper Canada.

All commonications must be post paid, and addressed to the Editor at New-York City.

New-York, May 1, 1841.

Rev. THOMAS P. HUNT, Travelling Agent for the Mirror of Liberty.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

May He never come back.—The King of Hanover has given directions for the dismantling of his apartments in St. James's Palace; wagon loads of valuable articles are daily sent off.—*London Paper.*

It will be recollected that the King of Hanover was next heir to the British throne, after Victoria. His tyrannical disposition made him so unpopular with all parties, that the possibility of his succession excited general anxiety.

The British Ministry were defeated in the House of Commons, April 29, in a vote on the Irish Parliamentary Voters Bill, after debate. The question was on passing the second clause of the bill establishing an £8 franchise as the limit of the qualification of a voter. This was rejected by a vote of 289 to 300, making a majority of eleven against Ministers. The Ministry considered this decision fatal to the bill, containing the whole principle of it. They therefore abandoned it.

There have been frequent 'turn-outs' of the hand-loom weavers in Lancashire demanding higher wages. They declare their intention of forming unions and resisting their masters even to starvation, until they obtain an advance.

Thirty-two men and boys perished lately by the explosion of a colliery, at Wellington on the Tyne.

Lately an East India cotton Company has been formed in London, with a capital of £500,000 in 20,000 shares of £25 each;—the great object of which is to supply the English market with India cotton. The East India Company strongly favors the enterprise.

Trade is very dull in London. It is truly melancholy to ascertain the great number of failures, bankruptcies and calling together of creditors, which are daily taking place. Provisions of every description are very high.

The dispute of France with Morocco has been settled by mutual concessions. The Governor of Morocco has been dismissed, and the French Consul, M. de Laporte, has been recalled.

The Egyptian army has fully evacuated Syria. The plague is raging terribly at Alexandria. Great efforts are making by the Great Powers to reconcile Turkey and Egypt.

Proceedings of the Prussian States, relative to the freedom of the press, and a milder form of censorship, appear to have excited a very general sensation in that country.

The Society of Christian Morals, in France, under the Presidency of the Marquis de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, has lately established a committee for the promotion of peace, which has entered with zeal upon its important duties, and has just issued proposals for a prize of 1000 francs for the best essay on the *means of promoting universal and permanent peace.*

The Imperial government of Russia sometime ago, prohibited the printing of books in Poland in any other than the Russian language. They have adopted a similar course towards the Jews, who are forbidden by a recent Ukase, from printing works in Hebrew, German, Polish, or any other language than the Russian, in any town or city ex-Wilna and Kiew. Several thousand persons have been thrown out of employ by this severe edict. In the provinces of Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the country on each side of the Caucasus, there are upwards of two millions of the inhabitants professing the Jewish religion. They have 1,007 parishes or congregations, 586 synagogues, and 2,377 schools for children professing the Mosaic faith. In these districts 60 printing establishments have been stopped, and the families depending thereon for support left to starve; the works emanating from these establishments were all printed in German or Hebrew.

A letter from Egypt, by Dr. Madden, says:—It is computed by persons well informed on the subject of Mohammed Ali's mode of government, that he has drawn away from the rural districts about 200,000 young men for his army at various times. Since the war commenced against the Wahabees, his country has been harassed by conscriptions. The people get no peace from his soldiers: wherever they come, consternation spreads; the unfortunate fellahs take to flight, they are pursued, and eventually fall into the hands of the Pacha's officers; then they are treated as the fugitive slaves are by their Christian despots in other countries—in Cuba or America; they are scourged or bastinadoed, and there seems to be no end to the infliction of these tortures.

The deficiency in the British Revenue for 1840, is about $10,000,000. The Chancellor proposes to supply it by reducing the duty on foreign sugars, so as to admit them, and by reducing that on foreign timber and imposing one on its Colonial rival.

Ireland is the theatre of renewed outrage, especially in the neighborhood of Tipperary. They are probably the last convulsive struggle of the spirit of violence and discord. Meantime the Temperance Reform goes on gloriously. The falling off in the Whiskey manufacture in 1840 was nearly 3,000,000 gallons! It will be more this.

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

On the 27th of April a covered wagon passed through Rennes, loaded with four millions in gold, being a consignment from Hayti for the indemnity to the former planters.—*Le Commerce.*

Expedition for Liberia.—The barque "Union" will sail for Monrovia, Liberia, about the 10th inst., carrying out 42 emigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee, and this city. Twenty one of these are entirely unprovided for, and have to be sent out at the expense of the Society. The Rev. W. McLain, agent of the American Colonization Society, and the Rev. R. S. Finley, agent of the Louisiana State Colonization Society, are now in the city, making collections to defray the expenses of the expedition, and to complete the purchase of a tract of land in Liberia, already contracted for by the Louisiana State Colonization Society, for the establishment of a colony to be called Louisiana.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

Since 1819 Virginia has increased her population at the rate of 61 per cent., and New York at that of 560 per cent. So much for slavery.

A Convention of the "Liberty party" was held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, by which James G. Birney, of New York, was nominated as President of the United States, and Thomas Morris, of Ohio, (formerly U. S. Senator,) for Vice-President, instead of Mr. Earle.

Hon. William Slade has written a long letter to the Emancipator, complaining against the severity of its spirit toward whig abolitionists.

A newspaper has been started at Ann Arbor, Michigan, called the "Signal of Liberty." It supports, as we understand, political Anti-Slavery organization, and has hoisted the name of Jabez S. Fitch, of Calhoun Co., for Governor.

The Rev. William T. Allan, formerly of Alabama, and the son of a slaveholder, writes to the editor of the Philanthropist, that the spirit of pro-slavery violence is still triumphant in Lower Alton, the place where *Lovejoy* met his untimely death. On a Sabbath evening Mr. Allan preached an anti-slavery sermon. The next day the mob spirit was seen and threats were made. A petition was presented to the Mayor, urging him to exert his influence to prevent the lecture. The Mayor sent a letter to the Trustees and Session, urging them to close their house, and thus prevent "any discussion of that subject." They yielded, and the door of the house was closed. It was said that a mob assembled, and were disappointed in finding the house closed.

Kidnapping.—About three months since, a colored child two and a half years old, daughter of Abrahaim Tanner, then of this city, was carried to New Orleans, and there sold as a slave. By the exertions of some benevolent individuals, the child has been restored to her parents.

Slavers Captured.—A letter received here yesterday from H. Carroll, Esq., U. S. Consul at St. Helena, dated March 26, 1841, states that five Portuguese slavers had just been brought in at St. Helena, having been captured on the West coast of Africa by the British naval force on that station, with upwards of *One Thousand Slaves* on board. The slaves had been landed at St. Helena, and remained of course subject to the orders of the British Government.

A call has been issued by Elon Galusha, Berish Green, and other ministers and lay members of churches, for a convention of Christians in the state of New York, to be held at Auburn, the 23d day of June next, for the purpose of expressing and interchanging their views concerning the duties of Christians, ministers, and churches, in respect to the subject of slavery.

Black-Laws.—A case in Huron county has lately been appealed to the Supreme Court, which will bring up the question of the constitutionality of the law which prohibits our citizens from employing colored persons who have not given security, &c. In Lorain also, we are informed, bills have been found against several individuals for harboring alleged fugitives from labor, which will also make some cases for the Supreme Court. It will be a glorious day for Ohio, we doubt not, when the constitutionality of our inhuman Black-Laws shall be submitted to so intelligent and unprejudiced a tribunal as our own Supreme Judiciary.—*Philanthropist.*

Abolition of French Colonial Slavery.—This measure seems to be demanded by public opinion in France. The N. Y. American says:—"We have information from a private source, on which we fully rely, but which we are not at liberty to name now, that the Abolition of Colonial Slavery will be introduced into the French Chambers by the Ministry, before the present session closes, and that the question will be so well supported, that there can be but little doubt but that the cause will be much advanced."

Mr. Mackay, of Pike county, Miss., was murdered by his own slave, who cut his throat with a knife. The neighbors seized him, and a motion to burn him was lost by a few votes. He was sent to jail.

The New Orleans Bee informs us that a mulatto boy, having stolen some money from his master, was detected, and threatened with a severe flogging. But on the evening of the 4th ult., while his master was asleep in his berth on board the steamboat, the boy went to the state room, and with a large butcher knife stabbed his master twice in the throat. It is considered that he will not recover. Alarm being given, the boy proceeded to the bow of the boat, and jumped overboord, and has not since been heard of.

A gentleman of Wisconsin has addresed a letter to us, saying:—

"Gov. Dodge, some four years since, manumitted all his slaves. Not only so—he gave a small farm to each, together with a team and necessary farming implements—and they are now all comfortably settled in his immediate neighborhood. You will see that our Governor, years since, commenced practising what he now preaches, and in this matter, as in all others, shows a consistency of character creditable both to his head and heart."—*American F. A. S. R.*

GENERAL ITEMS.

Gov. Seward has recently transmitted to the Legislature a message concerning the mechanical labor performed in the State Prison. It was accompanied with a letter from Henry Polhemus the agent of the Auburn Prison, in which he states that successful experiments have been made in the cultivation of silk, and that in a short time a large portion of the convicts' labor may

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Lines

On an Engraving of Washington's Monument, in Baltimore.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

Ye've rear'd a monument to him who broke
(So saith an oft-told tale,) *Oppression's* yoke,
Who gain'd the precious boon of *Liberty*,
For our blest land—home of the brave and *free*,—
Ye speak of battles fought, of victories gain'd,—
Not the life-blood by which their fields were stain'd;
Of thanks and fame that on such deeds await,—
Not of the hearts and homes made desolate.

That was a shadowy yoke—but now the boast
Of Freedom, is, in scorn or pity, tost
Back, wheresoe'er your banner is unfurl'd—
Land of the tyrant and the slave!—the world
Shews nought beside so pitiful and base,
As boasts of Liberty from *such* a race.

Look at the red man! ruthlessly he's driven
From lands, for which his charter came from Heaven;
Lured to destruction, e'en around his soul
Ye twine your with'ring influence,—fill the bowl
That leads to crimes unnumber'd, and unknown,
When in his native wilds he dwelt alone

Look at that monument! each breeze that waves
Around it, passes over injured slaves;
Slaves writhing hopelessly, while you control,
With torturing fetters, body, heart and soul.

May not some future WASHINGTON,—well taught
How they are *honor'd* who for *freedom* fought,—
And wrong'd beyond endurance,—rise at length
While guilt and fear shall paralyze your strength!
Rise, to lead myriads on, with fire and sword!
With Death or Liberty, their rallying word!

Heaven grant it come not! but for such a day,
Your crimes and follies have prepared the way.

'Tis not by raising piles of sculptur'd stone,
That feelings of a grateful heart are shewn;
The poorest widow's mite,—in secret given,
To aid the cause of Freedom,—unto Heaven
Rises, a monument of far more worth,
Than all the marble ye can pile on earth.

The English Peasant.

BY WM. HOWITT.

"The condition of the West India slave is better and happier than that of the English Peasantry."—*Common Assertion.*

The land for me, the land for me,
Where every living soul is free!
Where winter may come, where storms may rave,
But the tyrant dare not bring his slave!

I should hate to dwell in a summer land,
Where flowers spring up on every hand;
Where the breeze is glad, and the heavens are fair,
But the taint of blood is every where!

I saw a peasant sit at his door,
When his weekly toil in the field was o'er;
He sat on the bench his grandsire made—
He sat in his father's walnut shade.

'Twas the golden hour of an April morn;
Lightly the lark sprung from the corn;
The blossoming trees shone purely white,
And the young leaves quivered in the light.

The Sabbath bells, with a holy glee,
Were ringing o'er woodland heath and lea,
'Twas a season whose living influence ran
Through air, through earth, and the heart of man.

No feeble joy was that peasant's lot,
As his children gambolled before his cot,
And archly mimicked the toils and cares
That coming life shall make truly theirs.

But their mother, with breakfast call, anon
Came forth, and their merry masque was gone;—
'Twas a beautiful sight, as, meekly still,
They sat, in their joy, on the cottage sill.

The sire looked on them; he looked to the skies;
I read his heart's language in his eyes;
Lightly he rose, and lightly he trod,
To pour out his soul in the house of God.

And is this the man,—thou vaunting knave!
Thou hast dared to compare with the weeping slave!
Away! find *one* slave in the world, to cope
With him, in his heart, his home, his hope!

He is not on thy lands of sin and pain,—
Seared—scarred with the lash—cramped with pain;
In thy burning clime where the heart is cold,
And man, like the beast, is bought and sold!

He is not in the East, in his gorgeous halls,
Where the servile crowd before him falls,
Till the bow-string comes, in an hour of wrath,
And he vanishes from the tyrant's path.

But O,—thou slanderer, false and vile!
Dare but to *harm* that garden-stile;
Dare but to *outrage* that lowly thatch;
Dare but to *force* that peasant's latch;

And thy craven soul shall wildly quake
At the thunder peal the dead shall wake;
For a myriad tongues of fire shall sound,
As if every stone cried from the ground.

The indignant thrill, like flame, shall spread,
Till the isle itself rock beneath thy tread;
And a voice from people, from peer, and throne,
Shall ring in thy ears—"Atone! Atone!"

For Freedom here is an equal guest,
In princely hall, and in peasant's nest;
The palace is filled with her living light,
And she watches the hamlet day and night

Then the land for me, the land for me,
Where every living soul is free!
Where winter may come,—where storms may rave—
But the tyrant dare not bring his slave!

Marriage.

TRANSLATED FROM MICHEL ANGELO.

If high esteem, and pure, exalted love,
With equal fervor two fond mortals share;
Receiving joy and sorrow from above,
As if both *one* spirit governed there;
As if in one soul were in two beings joined;
To Heaven soaring with an equal flight;
Warmed by the same pure faith each kindred mind,
And seeking from *within* their true delight;
Forgetting self, and eager to impart
Joy to each other, careless of their own;
For the rich plunder of a taken heart,
Demanding love as love's reward alone;
No earthly power can loose these holy ties;
They are but pilgrims here—their home the skies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Athenæum.

The First and Last Kiss.

It was on a Sabbath evening, towards the latter end of the month of July, that the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, curate of Tintern, in Monmouthshire, set forth to visit his daughter Hester, who resided in one of those romantically situated cottages, which form so interesting a feature in the mountainous scenery of the Wye, between Ross and Chepstow. The distance he had to go, was scarcely a mile; but the walk was toilsome, for his path lay among the hills, through which it was rudely cut, and the loose fragments of rock on which he trode, gave way at every step. His thoughts, however, were too much occupied with the sad object of his visit, to permit of his heeding the rugged road, or even the sublime beauties of nature which were spread around him.

Hester was his eldest daughter, and the eldest also of nine brothers and sisters; a large family to feed, clothe, and educate, upon the scanty stipend of his curacy, though eked out by a small patrimonial property, and a fortune of two hundred pounds, which he had with his wife. When all was put together, and the profits of a small school added, as well as those which he received from the sale of a quarto volume, "On the Dawnings of the Everlasting Gospel Light," Parson Lloyd was a somewhat poorer man than his neighbor, Farmer Morgan, who always boasted that he could spend a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, and pay every body their own. But Farmer Morgan, at last, did not pay every body their own, for he went into the Gazette, and there were only three shillings in the pound for his creditors, while Parson Lloyd contrived to make both ends meet; perhaps, because he took care never to have a creditor, always deferring the purchase of anything he wanted till he could spare the money to pay for it. "He who makes his necessities wait upon his means," he would often say "will never find them troublesome;—but reverse the order, and let your means be the drudges of your necessities, and run as fast as they may, they will never overtake them."

Hester Lloyd had married Farmer Morgan's second son, David; and it was always said, by those who pretended to know the secret, that she did so, more from a desire to diminish the heavy burden of her father's family, than from any violent affection she had for the young man. To say the truth, they were a mismatched pair. David was a coarse rustic, of violent passions, a moody temper, and suspected of dissolute habits. Hester, on the contrary, was mild, and gentle in disposition, affectionate, and trained up in the strict observance of those simple, unobtrusive virtues which became the comparative humility of her station, and the character of her parental roof. When therefore, she married David Morgan, some shook their heads, and pitied the poor girl for the sacrifice she made; while others turned up their eyes, and wondered how even Love could be so blind.

The union had neither the approbation nor the disapprobation, properly so called, of Hester's father. She was of an age to choose discreetly, (having passed her three-and-twentieth year,) when, as was certainly her case, the heart did not take the lead in choosing; and he left her, therefore, to decide for herself, after temperately discussing with her upon several occasions, whatever might fairly be urged in favor, or to the prejudice of the young man. Hester, herself, took a twelvemonth to consider of her decision; and finally yielded her consent to the pertinacious, rather than the ardent, solicitations of David Morgan.

It has been said by an ancient cynic, that marriage has only two happy days, the *first* and the *last*, but Hester was doomed to find even this stinted portion of matrimonial felicity too liberal an allowance. On their return from church, an unfortunate difference arose between her husband and her father upon some trifling subject of rural economy—the breeding of pigs, or the cultivation of barley, or some matter not a whit more important. David was loud, overbearing, and at last insolently rude. Nay, he so far forgot himself, at one moment, that his hand was raised to seize Mr. Lloyd by the collar. "Forbear, young man," said the reverend pastor mildly; "and learn to have more command over your passions; or they will one day hurry you into conduct which all the rest of your days may not be sufficient to atone for."

David felt the rebuke. He felt ashamed. He saw the cheek of Hester turn pale, and he felt sorrow for what he had done. But his father-in-law also felt the indignity that had been offered to him, and he slowly walked away towards his own house. Hester looked after him. She said nothing. She only thought, as she leaned upon her husband's arm, and proceeded silently towards *his* father's house, what a change one little half hour had wrought in her condition. Her now obedient steps went one way; her heart at that moment, another. The former taught her she was a wife; the latter, that she must cease to be a daughter. It was a sharp lesson, to come so early. She said nothing. But though her tongue spoke not, the uneasy reflections of David clothed it with words of bitterness; and he strove, as much as his nature would let him, during the rest of the day to dispel the gloom with which his violence of temper had clouded the beginning. Hester was neither angry nor sullen; but she was sad; and she could not conceal that her sadness was greatest, when, as she sate down to dinner, the marriage feast lacked one guest, whose absence was to her, if not the absence of all, at least the absence of all comfort.

Mr. Lloyd was a sincere Christian. Without any parade of sanctity, he diligently endeavored in all his dealings with his fellow-creatures, to fulfil the commands of Him, whose minister he was. He could not, therefore, let the sun go down upon his wrath; but, like a primitive disciple of his master, he sought the dwelling of his enemy, with the word of peace and the hand of fellowship. So pure a judge had he been in his own cause, that he considered he had done wrong, very wrong, in suffering himself to be kept away from the wedding table of his daughter, by his resentment for a hasty speech uttered by her husband. "I will go," said he, "and heal this wound before I sleep." And he did go: and it was a blessed sight for Hester to behold, as she saw her father enter, with a benignant smile upon his countenance, walk up to her husband, and taking him by the hand, exclaim, "Son, we have never been enemies; let us then continue to be friends!" David was overpowered by this unexpected display of meek goodness; and his voice really faltered as he replied, grasping Mr. Lloyd's hand with honest warmth, "God forbid we should not!" Hester kissed her father, and wept; but they were tears of much gladness. It was a peaceful evening after this. Mr. Lloyd showed by his cheerful conversation, and kindly manner, that the spirit of anger had entirely departed from him, and with it all recollection of the offence. David did not shake off, quite so soon, his remembrance of the morning; for he was vanquished, in spite of himself, and he felt—as a man generally does who commits a wrong, and finds coals of fire heaped upon his head, by the generous conduct of the person whom he has wronged—humbled and ashamed, in his presence. Hester was supremely happy; for she beheld her father and her husband side by side, under her own roof.

Months rolled on, and the neighbors began to think David Morgan quite an altered man since his marriage. He was civil and obliging; went regularly to church every Sunday; rose early to his work; attended to his farm; returned home sober and before dark, on market days; got into no quarrels; smoked his pipe in the evening, on a bench before his own door, and drank a pint or two of his own home-brewed ale. In short, he exhibited all the outward qualities of a steady, thriving, and industrious farmer; and it was prophesied, if he went on so, that he would soon become a better man than his father, by the difference of many an acre added to those which he already rented. Hester observed this auspicious change, and might *almost* be called a happy wife.

She was not *entirely* so; for there were outbreakings of temper *at home*, lightning-flashes of the mind, and distant thunder-murmurings of the heart, which the eyes and ears of friends and neighbors nor saw nor heard. The sky was clear above,—the sun shone brightly—but the elements of storm and tempest perpetually loured along the horizon, which the first gust of wind would drive into angry collision. To Hester's watchful eye alone, and to her anxious spirit were these signs revealed. She could not conceal from herself the trials and the dangers they hourly menaced; but she could conceal them from all the rest of the world,—and she did. Not even to her father did she speak of them. They were the griefs of her own forboding heart, and they were buried there. If they should ever be disinterred thence—if they should ever be realized—and write themselves in such characters upon her face, as she could not hide—if her countenance complained for her—she must submit; but till then, she was resolved hope should chasten fear, and the faith she plighted at the altar forbid her lips to become the accusers of her husband.

It was about two years after her marriage, that the bankruptcy of old Morgan happened. For some months previously, Hester suspected matters were going wrong; not from anything which her husband communicated to her, for he had grown reserved, sullen, and morose; but from the manner of the old man himself, from their frequent conferences in secret, and from his total neglect of his farming stock. David, too, instead of minding his own affairs, and looking after his own crops, or attending the markets, as he was accustomed to do, sold hand over head upon the ground; took the first price that was offered; replaced nothing which he sold, but kept the money, and talked of setting up by and by, as an innkeeper at Chepstow. Meanwhile, debts were contracted, and none were paid; creditors became clamorous, and David grew more and more reckless of their clamors. At first he could not pay; at last he would not, and they might do as they liked. If Hester ventured to remonstrate, she was churlishly told to mind her own business, and look after the house, though there was every day less and and less in it to look after; for whatever could be spared, and often what could not, was converted into money. Old Morgan pursued much the same course; and it seemed as if father and son were striving with each other who should make most speed in the race of destruction.

Thus matters went on from bad to worse, and from worse to worst, for nearly three months: and then old Morgan was made a bankrupt.—Every one predicted that David would soon follow; but every one lamented it at the same time, on account of poor Hester, who was universally respected. Indeed, it was mainly owing to this feeling of respect for her, that her husband's creditors had not either enforced their claims, or thrown him into a prison. They did not scruple to tell her so; and though she felt grateful for their kindness, she knew it was a forbearance that hung by a very slender thread, and each day she expected to see him dragged to jail. If that did happen, what was to become of her, far advanced in pregnancy with her second child, and not a roof to shelter her except her father's.

She was sitting one evening, sadly ruminating upon all these things, and expecting David's return, who had gone out early in the morning, she knew not whither, when Jacob Griffith's, a maternal uncle of her husband's, a respectable, but poor old man, dropped in. He sate down, and she drew him a mug of ale, which however, he scarcely touched. She talked to him, at first upon one subject, and then upon another: but he hardly answered her, and altogether his behavior was so strange, that she looked at him as if she thought he had already had a little too much; a failing which she knew sometimes overtook "uncle Jacob." She was soon convinced however, that the old man was not now in his cups, whatever else might be the matter with him, for he was leaning forward on his staff, which he held with both his hands, and the tears were trickling down the furrows of his sun-burnt face.

"In the name of heaven, Jacob, what ails you?" said Hester, laying down her work, and going towards him.

"I am thinking," said Jacob, with a heavy groan, that burst from him as he spoke—"I am thinking, Mrs. Morgan, how my poor sister Jane would have taken it to heart if she were alive now, which thank God, she is not! But the Lord help us! what we may come to in this world!"

Hester's knees tottered—her color fled—and she seated herself gently by his side, as she exclaimed in a tremulous voice, "What is the matter, Jacob, that you talk thus?"

The old man shook his head, while he answered, "Matter enough, I fear, but who would have thought it?"

"For God's sake," replied Hester, "tell me what it is you mean. Has anything happened to David?"

"Ay," said Jacob, "and his father too. I was coming into Monmouth to-day at noon, and had just crossed over the Munny bridge, when I saw a sight of people afore me; I walked up to them to find out, if I could, what was going on—and you might have knocked me down with a feather, the next moment—for what should I see, but David and his father, old George Morgan, handcuffed together like two thieves, and being led to prison. They did not see me, and I was glad on't; for I could'nt have spoke a word to them, my tongue stuck so to the roof of my mouth, like. I shall never forget how I shook."

"Are you sure you were not mistaken?" inquired Hester, in a tone of voice so thick and inarticulate, that Jacob suddenly raised his head from the staff on which he had continued to support it.

"Am I sure this is my right hand?" answered Jacob. "But, Lord preserve you! what ails you, Mrs. Morgan? You look as white as your apron; you are not faintish, sure? Here, take a sup o' this ale—'twill warm you, like, and do you good."

Hester was indeed pale enough; and she trembled so violently, that Jacob might well suppose she needed something to warm her; but she kept from fainting, and after a few minutes she was able to ask him whether he knew "what they had done, that they were taken to prison."

"I could not get at the rights of the matter," said Jacob; "but from what I understood, I should guess it was something about old Morgan's bankrupt job; though I don't see, for my part, how that could concern David."

"Nor I either," replied Hester, wiping her eyes, and sighing as if her heart would break. "But whatever it is, I have had the dread of it upon my spirits for these many months. I felt certain that some misfortune or other was hanging over me; and it has come at last. My husband's conduct was so changed, he had grown so careless about every thing, had so entirely neglected his affairs and his home, that I was sure, unless some change for the better took place, nothing but ruin could come of it in the end. Oh dear! God knows, my situation is bad enough, just now, at any rate." And Hester's tears flowed afresh, as the thought of what her situation was presented itself to her mind.

"Don't take on in this way, Mrs. Morgan," said Jacob. "After all, things may not be so bad as they appear; and be they never so bad, fretting, you know, won't mend them. It is a sad business, to be sure; but we must hope for the best. Besides, many an innocent man has been wrongfully suspected, and taken to prison, before now; and who knows but this may be David's case, ay, and old Morgan's too? So keep up your spirits, Mrs. Morgan, and don't grieve. Here, take a drop of ale."

Hester had much cause to grieve. She had said truly, that the conduct of her husband, for a long time past, had been such as to prepare her for trouble of some kind or other; and her grief, therefore, on the present occasion, was less acute than if she had fallen suddenly from the sunny height of domestic happiness by an unforeseen and unexpected blow. But who ever found himself sufficiently prepared for misfortune? Who, *till* it came, ever ceased to hope that it might *not* come? And who, *when* it comes, can say, I have watched for you so long with a troubled heart, that now you find me without a tear to shed, or a sigh to breathe? Alas! the stern reality has a pang of its own unlike that we feel in the most vivid anticipation. Does the child you love, the mistress you adore, the parent you venerate, lie on the bed of death? What though you have whispered this fatal secret to yourself again, and again, and again? What though your spirit have mourned over the dying object, in all the anguish of inevitable bereavement? Ah me! wait till the eye is closed, and the tongue is mute—for ever; tarry till the soul is departed—till the thing you dreamed is the thing you feel—and then you will know the difference between the fear of losing, ay, and even between what constitutes mere man's certainty of losing, and the miserable certainty that you HAVE lost.

Hester felt this difference. She had insensibly trained her mind to meet an undefined calamity: but now, when it came upon her in a specific shape and character, she almost sunk beneath the shock. It was too true what Jacob Griffiths had told her. David and his father were both in Monmouth jail; and they were there upon a charge of having contrived, and brought about, a fraudulent bankruptcy in the case of old Morgan, under such circumstances as made it doubtful, at one time, whether their lives would not be forfeited. Matters, however, were not pushed to that extremity; but they were tried, found guilty, and received sentence of transportation, the father for life, and David for fourteen years. Hester was far advanced in pregnancy when her husband was thrown into prison; and the very day on which the Judges entered Monmouth, she became the unhappy mother of a son, whose father, scarcely more than eight-and-forty hours afterwards, was branded as a felon by the verdict of a just and impartial jury.

She had visited him several times in jail before his trial, and administered to him all the comfort and consolation which it was in her power to bestow, or in his nature to receive; for it distressed her much to find that he manifested great hardness of heart, and that he was alike insensible to her sufferings and his own disgrace. But she had not seen him since his trial. She had not, indeed, been able to get so far, for her recovery, after lying in, was slow; and she was still extremely feeble and delicate, when, at the expiration of about six weeks, she learned, by a harsh letter from her brutal husband, that if she "wanted to see him again," she must go to Monmouth before a day named, as he was on that day to be conveyed, with other convicts, to the seaport whence they were to embark for New South Wales. She did wish to see him again; and it was on the following morning of that very Sabbath evening, in the month of July, when her father set forth to visit her, as already mentioned, that she intended to do so.

Mr. Lloyd was desirous of seeing his daughter, not only to prepare her, by his conversation, for the melancholy task of taking, in all probability, a last farewell of one who, criminal and churlish as he was, was still her husband,—but also to arrange with her the time and manner of proceeding to Monmouth the next morning, whither he intended accompanying her himself. He found her weeping over her last born, which lay asleep in her lap. He did not chide her tears, for they were the natural channels of her grief; but in his twofold character of her spiritual and paternal monitor, he applied himself to assuage the sorrow which was their fruitful source. And he had the consolation to observe, ere he departed, that Hester was so far tranquil and resigned, as to discourse calmly upon her approaching interview with David.

In this frame of mind he left her, and in this frame of mind he found her the following morning, when, at the early hour of five, she met him, as had been agreed upon, at the foot, of the gentle ascent which rises abruptly from the site of the picturesque ruins of Tinturn Abbey. She had her infant in her arms, and was accompanied by a neighbor's daughter, a hale buxom wench about fifteen, who kindly offered to go with her, and help carry the child, a labor for which the still impaired health and delicate frame of Hester were hardly sufficient. They set forth, Hester leaning for support upon her father, having, at his suggestion, transferred her sleeping baby to the care of her young companion.

No possible human pain or sorrow could so deaden the perceptions of natural beauty in souls susceptible of its influence, as wholly to destroy the effects of such scenery as meets the eye between Tintern and Monmouth. The thick woody acclivities which fringe the opposite bank of the river; the rich meadows and green steeps which run shelving from the hills to the water's edge, on the hither side; the picturesque little hamlet of Brook-Weir; the smooth translucent bay formed by the Wye, in front of the romantically-beautiful village of Landogs, built upon a lofty hill whose indented side is mantled with deep woods; the ruins of the castle of St. Briavels; the white sails of small vessels occasionally gliding along; the solemn stillness of the whole scene, and its surpassing magnificence, might drive away, for a time, all memory of past grief, and extinguish all sense of present wretchedness. The face of sorrow reflects the placid smile of surrounding nature; the bruised heart catches her repose; and the weary spirit revives, beneath those feelings which lift it to the Divine Author of so much loveliness, while gazing, with silent gladness, upon its refreshing features.

Hester felt all the benign influence of this consolation from without; and when they arrived in Monmouth, she expressed an eager desire to go at once to the prison, anxious to have the full benefit of her composed and reanimated feelings, in the interview with her husband. It was well she yielded to this desire; for had there been the further delay of but half an hour, the object of her journey would have been frustrated. Contrary to what was first intimated to the prisoners, the day fixed for their departure was hastened, in consequence of the transport appointed to receive them having received peremptory orders to sail immediately. Due notice of this change was given to them all, that they who had friends, and wished to see them, might do so. But David Morgan did not trouble himself about the matter; and when Hester, with her child in her arms, presented herself at the prison gates, the vehicle in which the convicts were to proceed to the port of embarkation was already there.

She told her business in a faltering voice, and was conducted by the turnkey to an inner-yard, where were assembled about a dozen men, whose scowling looks and ferocious countenances terrified her. They were mustered preparatory to removal. Among them stood David and old Morgan, handcuffed together, as were the others. Hester did not perceive them at first; but as they slowly approached her, she recognised her husband, and burst into tears. She was shocked at his altered appearance, for he was now in the dress of a convict, with his hair cut close to his head. She was still more shocked at beholding the iron manacles which bound him to his father.

She could not speak. Old Morgan was silent. David, in a hard, unfeeling tone, while not a feature of his face relaxed from its rigid harshness, merely said, "You are come at last; I thought you might have found your way here a little sooner." Hester could only reply by pointing to her baby, with a look of beseeching anguish, which seemed to say, "Do not upbraid me,—you forget I have given birth to this innocent." The mute appeal appeared to touch him; for he took her hand, and gazing for a moment upon its thin white fingers, and the blue veins that were not used to be so visible, till sickness had made them so, he kissed it. Hester drew nearer—leaned against her husband's bosom—and raising the infant towards his lips, whose little sparkling eyes unclosed themselves, as if to look upon its father, she exclaimed, in a scarcely articulate voice, "Kiss it, too, David,—kiss our son, and bless him." The felon father bowed his head and kissed his innocent child, while, with his unfettered arm, he clasped closer to his breast its weeping mother. Nature asserted her prerogative for an instant; the husband and the father prevailed over the hardened criminal; and the heart of David owned that he was both. But the next instant he was neither. As if he thought it became him to play the churl, even at such a moment; or that he should lose character with his new companions, who were standing round, witnesses of this scene, he put Hester coldly from him, and muttered, as he turned away, "There—we have had enough of this nonsense."

Before Hester could reply, or remove her handkerchief from her eyes, one of the officers of the prison entered the yard, and ordered the convicts to follow him. David and old Morgan hurried out the first; and in less than a minute there were left only Hester, her father, and the girl who had accompanied them. Mr. Lloyd waited till he heard the rattling of the lumbering machine as it drove off; and he then led Hester out. He had been a silent and a sad spectator of the interview; and he felt that it would be only an unnecessary pang, added to those she had already endured, if he permitted her to witness the actual departure of her husband. Her emotions, when he told her that he *was* gone, satisfied him he had judged rightly, and acted wisely. They were not those deep and maddening emotions which lacerate the heart, when a beloved object is torn from it for ever. It was impossible they should be. But Hester had stood at the altar with David. She was a wife. He was her husband. She was a mother. He was the father of her children. Ill usage may destroy all the finer sympathies which hallow those relations in a woman's gentle and affectionate nature: but it is death alone,—or its equivalent, eternal separation in this world.—that can make her feel she has no longer a husband, and her children no longer a father. And when that feeling does come, it will wring the bosom with a sorrow unlike any other.

Hester returned to her father's house that day, and remained there thenceforward with her two children. The cottage which she had occupied since her marriage, was given up; and the produce of the little furniture it contained, when sold, her husband's creditors allowed her to keep, out of respect for herself, and pity for her misfortunes. It was an additional burden which Mr. Lloyd was ill able to bear; but his trust was in Him whose command it is that we should succour the distressed, protect the fatherless, and do all manner of good. In the bosom of her family, in the discharge of her maternal duties, in the occupation afforded her by superintending the education of the daughters of some of her neighbors, which enabled her to meet many of her own personal expences, without drawing upon her father's slender means, and in the peaceful retreat of the valley of Tintern, her mind gradually recovered much of its former tranquillity. A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found. "The woods and glades intermixed,"—to adopt the language of one who has been pronounced an oracle in all that concerns the picturesque,—"the winding of the river,—the variety of the ground,—the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Every thing around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene, to become an inhabitant of it."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.—Soon after the close of the long French war in Europe, a boy was standing on one of the bridges that cross the Thames at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale. A sailor, who was passing, observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping through the wires, and manifesting their eager desire to regain their liberty. He stood for some time looking at the birds, apparently lost in thought. At length, addressing the boy, he said: "How much do you ask for your birds?"

"Sixpence apiece, sir," was the reply.

"I don't ask how much apiece," said the sailor; "how much for the lot? I want to buy all hands."

The boy began his calculations and found they came to six shillings and sixpence.

"There is your money," said the sailor, handing out the cash, which the boy received with evident satisfaction at his morning's trade. No sooner was the bargain settled, than the sailor opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away.

The boy, looking quite astonished, exclaimed, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

"I'll tell you," said the sailor, "why I did it. I was shut up three years in a French prison as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing in prison that I can make free."—*Youth's Cabinet.*

MOTHER WIT.—In a small anti-slavery meeting, at the close of the anniversary, a shrewd, intelligent woman, who had once been a slave, rose to make a few remarks. In the course of her apology for doing this, she alluded to some who had compared female speakers to Balaam's ass. "Very well," said she, "they may say so, if they like; but there's one thing I can tell 'em; the ass saw the angel, when Balaam didn't."

EVERY THING OUGHT TO BE WELL DONE.—A good many capital things are told of the late William Gray—a distinguished merchant of Boston. He was familiarly known by the name of "Billy Gray." He left at his death a large estate, and used to say that the chief source of his worldly success, was his motto, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." On one occasion, he had reason to find fault with a mechanic for some slovenly job. The mechanic recollected Mr. Gray when he was in a very humble condition, so he bore the rebuke with impatience. "I tell you what," said he, "Billy Gray, I shan't stand such jaw from you. Why, I recollect you when you was nothing but a drummer in a regiment." "And so I was," replied Mr. Gray, "so I was a drummer—but didn't I drum *well*—eh! didn't I drum *well?*"—*Philadelphia Standard.*

If the North would do its duty, every Southern man would go back from his visits to the free states, humbled and thoughtful, a missionary in the cause of freedom.—*E. G. Loring.*

Dr. Church's Tooth Powder,

OR THE GREAT TOOTH PRESERVATIVE.

1. It is excellent in cleansing the Teeth and making them white, and preventing their decay. In order to keep the teeth clean and wholesome, the Brush and Powder must be used; for, by the frequent mastication of food, there is a viscid matter which adheres to the teeth, and which, if not removed, causes disease and decay.

2. It is an infallible cure for the Tartar collected on the Teeth, wholly removing it. Now, whenever tartar is suffered to gather, it occasions the swelling and inflaming of the gums, causing absorption and the expulsion of the teeth from the jaws, while it is the source of great pain.

3. It is sure to cause and preserve a sweet breath, and a pleasant taste to the mouth. Sad indeed is the evil, the pain, the destruction of comfort and health, which is brought about by *neglect*. For there is and there can be nothing worse for an individual than a bad breath; yet by overlooking the teeth, how many hundreds and thousands have disagreeable breath; and when in conversation, even, are conscious of it, and involuntarily turn their heads!—Still, all this can be remedied in a short time, by the application of the powder, so that health, comfort and beauty, and a sweet breath will be in the possession of all

4. It hardens the gums. When the gums are soft and spongy, this powder will make them hard. Nearly one-half of the teeth which are lost, is owing to the disease of the soft and spongy gums, and collection of tartar.

For sale by Gould, Newman & Saxton, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets.

EDUCATION.

Eighth Avenue, (east side,) between 22d and 23d Streets.

MRS. and the Misses McAdam, intend removing their Boarding and day School to the above salubrious situation, on the 1st of May, 1841.

Mrs and the Misses M. having been many years engaged in the education of youth, and during that time honored with the care of children of many respectable families in this city, trust that their experience and character for attention will secure from the public, a continuation of its support.

Terms may be known on application as above.

The Knickerbocker Line of Stages start from within a few doors of the house.

For further information, Parents and Guardians are respectfully referred to the following Gentlemen:

Hon. Campbell H. White; Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq.; W. J. McNeven, M. D.; Thomas McAuley, M. D.; W. L. Morris, Esq., corner of Bleecker and Grove Streets; George Hastings, No 1 Hanover Square; Joseph Cheesman; Silas P. Downer, 22d Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues; Robert Hicks; Abraham Bell; Thomas Leggett, Jun.; Isaac T. Hopper; Joshua Kimber, (L. I.) Boarding School. April 29, 1841.

BOARDING IN NEW-YORK.

GENTLEMEN visiting New-York will find a quiet and pleasant home at the *GRAHAM HOUSE*, No. 63 Barclay street, where ample accommodations are at all times reserved for transient boarders, and afforded at moderate prices, by the day or week. No fumes of tobacco or alcohol will be found to taint the atmosphere. N. B. A few permenant boarders will be taken.

ROSWELL GOSS.

New-York, April 29, 1841.

Garden and Farm Seeds,

WARRANTED THE GROWTH OF 1840!

For sale at the Seed store No. 45 North Market street, Boston.

THE Subscriber has just completed his assortment of seeds for the coming season, and is ready to supply orders to any amount, for farm, garden, and flower seeds, both to traders and to farmers

The seeds offered are selected with great care, raised by experienced seed growers in the vicinity of Boston, New Hampshire, and in Maine, and every precaution has been used to obtain *pure* and *perfect* seeds. It is confident that satisfaction will be given to purchasers

Garden Seeds.

The assortment of garden seeds comprises every variety of seeds that is worthy of cultivation.

Seeds by the quantity, assorted to suit the different markets

Boxes of seeds for retailing, neatly prepared, at 6 cent per paper, with printed directions for their culture, variously assorted, from $10 per box and upwards: a liberal discount will be made to dealers

Farm Seeds.

An excellent and very select assortment of improved field seeds, comprising the best assortment of wheat, rye, barley, corn, oats, grass seeds, root seeds, &c. &c. &c.

Farmers who intend to change their seed, are invited to call and examine.

Flower seeds, roots, shrubs, vines and trees of all kinds furnished to order

Catalogues of the whole may be obtained on application. Orders by wholesale and retail are respectfully solicited.

CHARLES P. BOSSON, *Seedsman*,
No. 45 North Market street, Boston.
February 18, 1841. 6t

Channing's New Work on EMANCIPATION.

JUST PUBLISHED, by the American Anti-slavery Society, and for sale at the Office, No. 143 Nassau street New-York, Channing's new work on Emancipation, a neat 18 mo. pamphlet of 72 pages. A cheaper publication was never issued from the anti-slavery press. It will be sold at 12 1-2 cents, a single copy, and at 10 dollars a hundred.

Those who wish to supply themselves with this valuable production, would do well to send orders promptly.

Terms Cash only.

CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN
Oliver Johnson & Geo. F. White.

THIS Day published, and for sale, by Oliver Johnson, at 143 Nassau street, a duodecimo pamphlet of 48 pages, entitled, "Correspondence between Oliver Johnson and George F. White, a minister of the Society of Friends; with an appendix." Price 12 1-2 cents single—10 copies for $1.

New York, Feb. 25.

To Landlords and Tenants.

THE SUBSCRIBER will receive agencies for renting houses, stores, and tenements at Hutson's Intelligence Office, No. 560½ Pearl street. When houses are registered, or application made by tenants, no charge is made unless suited.

Feb. 25, 1841. P. A. BELL.

BAPTIST ANTI-SLAVERY CORRESPONDENT.

For sale at 143 Nassau street, (price 10 cents single, $6 per hundred,) the Baptist Anti-Slavery Correspoupent, vol. 1, No. 1; containing the reply of the Rev. Elon Galusha, to the letter of Rev. R. Fuller, of South Carolina.

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